

# MONTANA

*the magazine of western history*

VOLUME SEVEN, NUMBER FOUR

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR

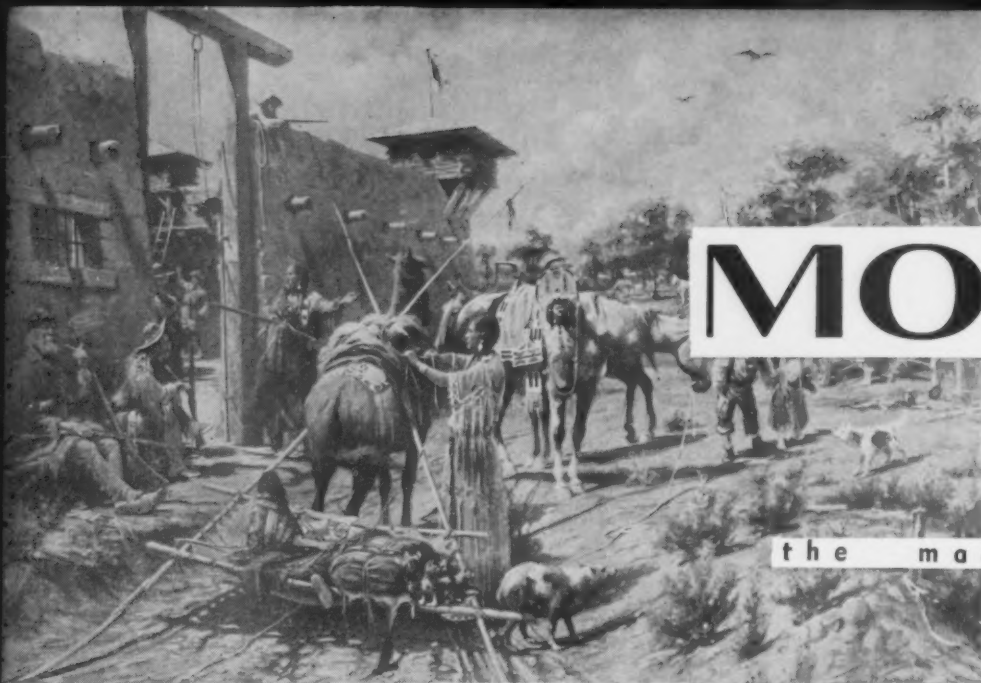


LAUGH KILLS LONESOME — From the original oil, painted by Charles M. Russell, 1925.

AUTUMN, 1957

- Rangeland Rembrandt
- 37 Days of Peril
- New Mexican Machiavellian

● PLUS THE EXCITING REGULAR FEATURES: READER'S REMUDA, KID'S CORRAL, ROUNDUP



# MONT

the magazine of

"The Latest Arrivals," painted by Montana frontier artist E. S. Paxson, 1904.

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Published quarterly at Roberts and 6th Ave., Helena, as the only magazine of general interest sanctioned by the State of Montana. Subscriptions, which include membership in the Society, are \$4 per year; \$7 for two years; \$10 for three years. Because of the continuity of subject matter it is recommended that subscription be on a calendar year basis although this is not necessary. Single copies may be purchased at leading newsstands and bookstores. Some back issues are usually available here. We check facts but can not assume responsibility for statements and interpretations which are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. This magazine is entered as second class matter at the post office, Helena, Montana. Publication dates are January, April, July and October. For change of address, please notify at least 30 days in advance of the next issue.





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**ABOUT THE COVER.** *Laugh Kills Lonesome*, which C. M. Russell painted in 1925, like so many of his great works bears a title as provocative as the delightful subject. One of Russell's final masterpieces, coming as it did only a year before his death, it represents an almost pathetic nostalgic longing for the open-range life which he once led in Montana's wide-open spaces some 40 years earlier, when the Cowman was King. From 1880 to 1896 Russell was the lonely horse wrangler and night herder with the great cattle outfits, who dropped into the friendly, warming campfire circle for a bracing cup of java, a few jokes and the heart-warming laughter which exuded from salty cowpokes about ready to roll in after a hard day in the saddle. This great favorite is part of the priceless Mackay collection in the C. M. Russell Room of the State Historical Museum at Helena. Prints are available.

# New Mexican Machiavellian?

The Story of Albert B. Fall

By David H. Stratton

**A**S INNUMERABLE booming headlines of the 1920's revealed, Albert B. Fall's chief claim to renown was his leasing of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve in Wyoming and a similar reserve at Elk Hills, California, to two oil magnates, Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny. This occurred while he was Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Warren G. Harding. Prior to this, Fall had served periodically, but never inconspicuously, as a public office holder in territorial New Mexico, and had spent nine tempestuous years in the United States Senate as "The Gentleman from New Mexico" before his fellow senator and close friend, President-elect Harding, named him for the Cabinet in 1921. But it was the naval oil controversy which put Fall's name in the index of every general account of American history.

The more intimate aspects of Fall's negotiations with the two oil millionaires were exposed when a Senate investigating committee under the leadership of stern, determined, Thomas J. Walsh, Senator from Montana, disclosed first in 1924, and later in 1928, that Secretary Fall had also received personally at least \$404,000 and assorted livestock from the two oilmen, Sinclair and Doheny.<sup>1</sup> This inquiry placed Fall in an extremely disadvantageous position, especially because the Teapot Dome revelations erupted just in time to become a major issue in the presidential election of 1924. Calvin Coolidge and the Republicans desperately needed a scapegoat for their oil sins; Albert B. Fall, who had been the main target of the Teapot Dome investigators, was the most likely prospect. The Democrats, on the other hand, saw the so-called Teapot Dome scandal as a choice campaign issue, and they nourished it through the elections of 1924 and 1928 in particular, giving it so much notoriety as a corruption label for their opponents that it became a permanent part of their campaign repertoire, and is now a symbol of corruption in American political folklore.<sup>2</sup>

In the decade of civil and criminal litigation which followed the Teapot Dome investigation Fall again turned up as the scapegoat. He was the only defendant convicted in the original cases resulting directly from the Senate probe of 1923-24. All the

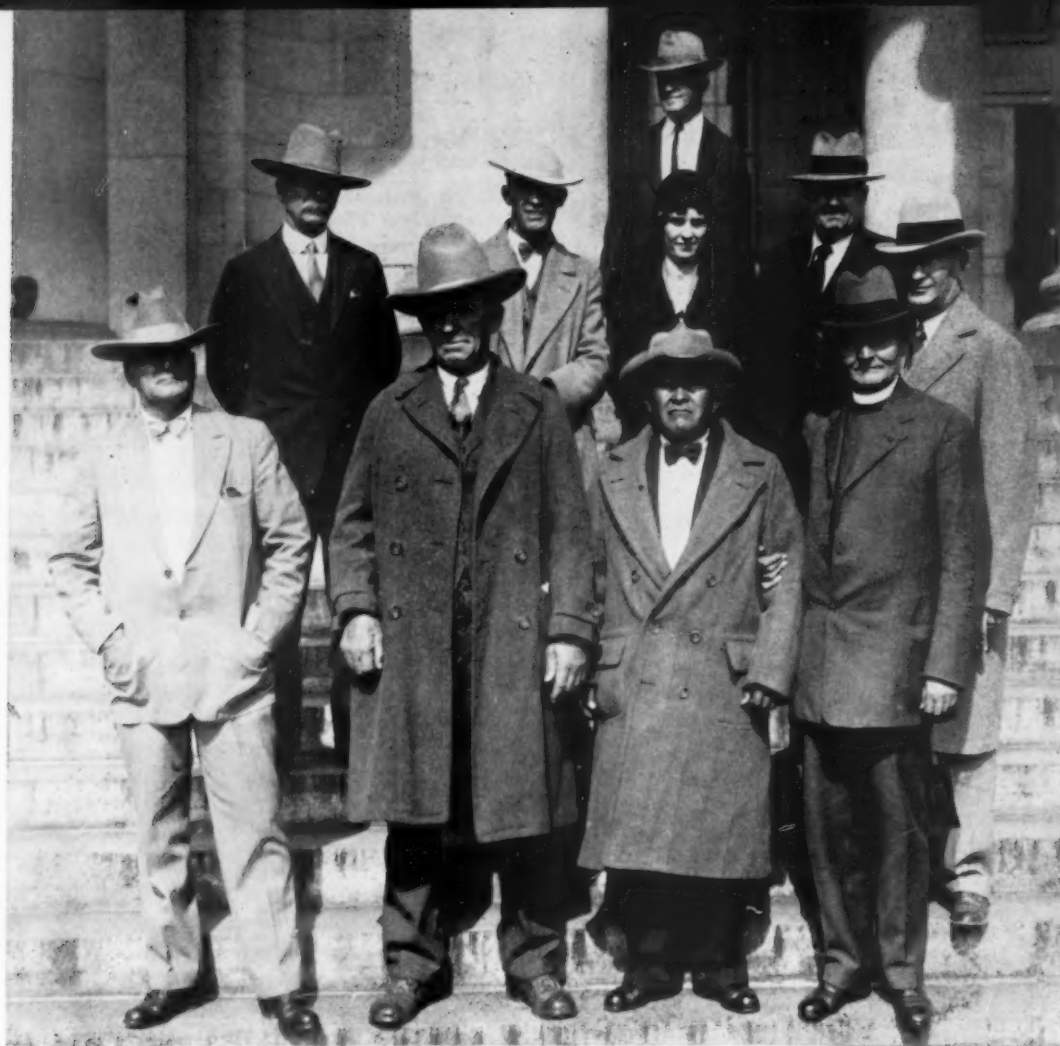
transgressions associated with the oil scandal, and to a certain extent all the iniquity of the besmirched Harding administration, were imputed to him. Old and ill, the former Secretary of the Interior, riding in an ambulance, went to prison in 1931 for accepting a bribe, and became the first American Cabinet officer ever convicted and imprisoned for a felony committed while in office. The two oil millionaires went free. Fall was broken in health, reputation, and finances, and died in 1944 in near poverty. Although in the eyes of the public as a whole he had been an unfaithful public servant, he insisted to the end that his personal acquisitions from Sinclair and Doheny were legitimate loans and normal business transactions having no bearing on the official leasing policy for the naval oil reserves.<sup>3</sup>

Until the Teapot Dome affair tainted his reputation, however, the most marked impression Albert B. Fall had left on the public mind during the years of his public service was that of an epitomized Westerner. And he did not discourage this popular conception.

\* \* \*

Fall had not always lived in the West, but he spent his entire adult life there after leaving Kentucky, where he had been born in the first year of the Civil War. He grew up in the Reconstruction South. With some experience as a school teacher coupled with

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This group of Westerners came to the Nation's Capitol as character witnesses in one of the trials resulting from the Teapot Dome scandal. Included are former Territorial Governor and Congressman from New Mexico, George Curry (2nd row, 4th from the left) and Bob Geronimo, son of the great Indian chief, who lived on the reservation adjoining Fall's vast ranch, (2nd from R., front row).

a short spell of "reading law" in Blackstone's *Commentaries* in his spare time, young Fall left Kentucky in 1881 for Clarksville on the Red River in Texas, having been in that area briefly two years before for the twin purposes of a prospecting expedition and the regaining of his health. Although for a time his one ambition was the amassing of a fortune large enough to buy a Kentucky farm, Fall was never again in his native state for an extended period.

The work of a bookkeeper in Clarksville did not help the young man's fragile health; so he turned to the life of a cowboy, hoping that an outdoor life and hard exercise would be strengthening. While working with cattle outfits in Texas, he performed the regular tasks of a cowhand and also had

a try at the most celebrated calling of a cow camp, chuck wagon "bossing," or cooking. Years later he wrote of this experience:

I soon learned . . . as no ranch cook could be employed, that my [next] occupation was to be the driving of the chuck wagon and purveying to the appetites of about eighteen to twenty-five cow punchers. I knew how to cook plain food and to make good bread and coffee. Of course, I could drive a team and I rather enjoyed the privileges of a cook around camp. The boys, needless to say, liked to stand in with the cook and it was well understood, that if one of them objected too seriously to the food prepared for him and would get rid of the cook by any method, which might appear to



The distinguished Gentleman from New Mexico at the peak of his career, as Secretary of the Interior

him, he was likely [to] fall heir to the cook's job and at the same time incur a certain degree of unpopularity.<sup>4</sup>

Fall's cooking must have been at least palatable because his health, which was always uncertain, evidently improved enough to allow him to return for a short time to a more sedentary life at Clarksville. Again, in a desultory manner, he "read law." He dabbled in real estate and insurance, ran a grocery store, and, in 1883, married Emma Garland Morgan, whose father had been a representative from Texas to the Confederate Congress.<sup>5</sup>

The ideal of owning a Kentucky farm was now gone, and Fall looked around for other possibilities of fame and fortune. The mines of Mexico seemed promising; so he left Clarksville for a prospecting trip south of the border. He rode on horseback through eight states of that republic, finally locating at Nieves in the state of Zacatecas. There he worked as a practical

miner, as a timberman, mucker, and mining foreman. While serving his apprenticeship, he became skilled in the operation of the hoist and the pump. He sorted ore, constructed roads, and sharpened drills. Besides learning much about mining operations, and making some investments of his own, he began to acquire a speaking knowledge of Spanish, a faculty which afterwards served him well in the political arena of bilingual New Mexico. And, years later, Fall returned to Mexico as the manager and general counsel for Colonel William C. Greene, sometimes called the "Copper King" of Mexico, and made a fortune for himself in the gold and silver mines, timber, and railroads of Chihuahua and Sonora.

Fall came back to the United States in May, 1884, on the Mexican Central Railroad's first through train from Mexico City to El Paso, Texas. But after another several months in the Clarksville area he was again engaged in mining activities.<sup>6</sup> This time, along with his brother-in-law, Joe Morgan, he went prospecting in the mountains of southern New Mexico, and landed finally in the booming and brawling mining camp of Kingston in the Black Range. His experiences at Kingston are among the most significant and fabled of his life, mainly because it was here that he met a fellow miner, Edward L. Doheny, who later struck it rich in oil and in the naval oil episode sent Fall a little black bag filled with \$100,000.

Kingston was one of those legendary mining camps of the West where the rich finds of silver and other ore helped to precipitate the tidal wave of mining activity which swept through the Western states and territories during that period. It presented to the prospector all the "get-rich-quick" possibilities fostered by Sutter's Mill, the Comstock Lode, Virginia City, Montana, and Central City, Colorado. Although overdrawn as to the actual opportunities for quick wealth, this description sets the scene:

It was at Kingston that the prospector sallied forth a poor man in the morning, returning a millionaire in the afternoon



for he had "struck it rich." Here fortunes grew in a single day to vanish as quickly by games of chance, under the shadow of the pines, at night. The clinking of glasses, in drinking to the health and good luck of a "pard" and the dizzy whirl in the dance hall under the flaring and flickering flames of pine knots and tallow candles, were vivid scenes of the stirring times in the "good old days" of the early eighties.<sup>7</sup>

When Fall and Morgan arrived at Kingston, they were armed with rifles and six-shooters, which prospectors there considered as necessary as a pick. The Apache Indians under Victorio, Nane, and Geronimo had terrorized southwestern New Mexico for years. Between 1879 and 1886 at least 140 casualties were suffered by the whites in Grant, Sierra (in which Kingston is located), and Socorro counties alone.<sup>8</sup> Not until 1886, with the capture of Geronimo, did the fear of these Indian depredations diminish.

Completely out of money when he reached Kingston, Fall capitalized on his previous mining experience and had no trouble getting a job underground in the Grey Eagle Mine on South Percha Creek, about six miles from the town. This was tough, dirty work, the sweat and toil of practical mining with all the limitations of equipment and technique of a frontier locale. The newcomer from Texas worked "on the hammer" and performed the other tedious tasks of the hard rock miner at a wage of \$3.50 per day. While working at the Grey Eagle, he lived in an earthen dug-out a short distance away.<sup>9</sup>

Fall decided to give up mining for the time being and to move to Las Cruces, when he concluded after several months in the Kingston area that other pursuits would provide a larger income for his growing family. His wife, whose poor health might benefit from the dry, sunny climate of southern New Mexico, and his two young children were still in Texas.<sup>10</sup>

Las Cruces, on the banks of the Rio Grande River in Dona Ana County, was the largest town in the irrigated Mesilla



Mrs. Albert B. Fall, at about the same period as her husband's photo left. From a fine study by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

Valley. It was in the heart of a rich agricultural, mining, and stock-raising section. Nourished by the ancient Mexican *acequias*, or irrigation canals, which siphoned off the muddy water of the Rio Grande, the arid lands of the Mesilla Valley blossomed with orchards, vineyards and alfalfa fields.

<sup>7</sup> The hearings of this committee and its findings are in U. S. Senate, *Leases Upon Naval Oil Reserves*, Hearings Before the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys Pursuant to S. Res. 282, 294, and 434, 67 Cong., and S. Res. 147, 68 Cong. (Washington, 1924); U. S. Senate, *Leases Upon Naval Oil Reserves*, Report No. 794, 68 Cong., 1 Sess. and 2 Sess. (Washington, 1924 and 1925); U. S. Senate, *Leases Upon Naval Oil Reserves*, Hearings Before the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys, 70 Cong., 1 Sess., Pursuant to S. Res. 101 (Washington, 1928); and U. S. Senate, *Investigation of Activities of Continental Trading Co.*, Report No. 1326, 70 Cong., 1 Sess. (Washington, 1928). The term Teapot Dome scandal, or controversy, became an appellation which described the irregularities in the leasing of both the Wyoming and California reserves.

<sup>8</sup> Witness the statement made by Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee in his keynote speech at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Aug. 13, 1956, that the Republican Party from 1920 to 1956 had offered "nothing better than Teapot Dome—the great depression—Nixon, Dixon and Yates, as well as Benson and McCarthy . . ." Copy of speech sent to the writer by Governor Clement.

<sup>9</sup> For accounts concerning Fall's life see David H. Stratton, "Albert B. Fall and the Teapot Dome Affair" (Unpublished doctoral dissertation, Department of History, University of Colorado, Boulder, 1955); and by the same author, "President Wilson's Smelling Committee," *The Colorado Quarterly*, V (Autumn, 1956), 164-84.

## THE POLITICAL CRUCIBLE OF DONA ANA COUNTY

But the principal activity of Las Cruces and Dona Ana County was neither mining nor agriculture; it was politics. The citizens of that section, of whom the majority were Spanish-Americans, had a religious zeal for politics, and almost every community affair had some political significance. Through an aggressive group of leaders of both parties Dona Ana always tried to dominate every political convention and contest in the Territory of New Mexico, no matter what party was involved. Much of the time they were successful. The county was renowned for its political battles, which often resulted in mass demonstrations and bloodshed, and bitter personal feuds stemming from election quarrels dragged on for years, sometimes punctuated by six-shooter duels in the streets or public places, or by murders in ambush in more secluded locales.<sup>11</sup>

Some more sensitive souls were completely repulsed by the operation of American democracy in Dona Ana County. A sophisticated Englishwoman, in New Mexico to regain her health, commented in horror:

Small-beer politics [is] the curse of this fair land. . . . One method of securing the votes of our enlightened fellow-citizens is worthy of mention. On the evening before election-day, the henchmen of one political party rounded up forty or fifty Mexicans well primed in advance with whiskey, and, putting them into a corral as if they were a bunch of steers, kept them under guard all night for the purpose of ensuring their "straight" vote on the morrow. This incident is only one of the anomalies of a country whose freedom is not only in perpetual danger of degenerating into license, but which does constantly degenerate into some of the worst forms of slavery. . . .<sup>12</sup>

\* This statement and other interesting details of Fall's early life are in his unpublished "Memoirs." Another unpublished manuscript by Mark B. Thompson, "Biography of Albert Bacon Fall," gives supplementary information. Both are among papers held by the Fall family; hereafter referred to as Fall Family Papers.

<sup>11</sup> *The Standard* (Clarksville), March 16, May 11, Aug. 3, Oct. 26, 1883.

<sup>12</sup> There is a possibility that Fall made a second trip to Mexico before going to New Mexico. *Clarksville Standard*, May 15, 1885.

The editor of a local newspaper, who, of course, had often seen such perversions of democracy and could confirm this foreigner's observations, wrote following an election:

The money spent for whiskey and votes by the politicians of Las Cruces in the late election would have built an adequate system of water works for the town, put the streets in decent condition and planted rows of trees along every important street.<sup>13</sup>

An opposing journal blamed the constant "state of ferment" about who would fill the county offices and the overpowering interest of the populace in this "absorbing theme" for the retarded financial development of the community. In every election old political wounds were torn open, heated personal quarrels ensued, and the prominent citizens who were most needed to promote progress were rendered incapable of uniting.<sup>14</sup>

It was in this tumultuous setting that A. B. Fall (he was not Albert B. Fall until he became a United States Senator) served his political apprenticeship. He was no reformer, and there is little indication that conditions improved because of his pres-

<sup>13</sup> Fayette A. Jones, *New Mexico Mines and Minerals* (Santa Fe, 1904), 96, 98. From the time of its discovery to Jan. 1, 1904, the estimated production of Kingston, nearly all silver, was \$6,250,000, probably the record for silver in New Mexico.

<sup>14</sup> Ralph E. Twitchell, *The Leading Facts of New Mexican History* (5 vols., Cedar Rapids, 1912-17, II, 438-46; Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico* 1530-1888, Vol XVII of *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft* (San Francisco, 1889), 569-73, 744-47.

<sup>15</sup> Fall, "Memoirs"; Fall to Louis M. Sly, Sept. 20, 1918, Fall Family Papers. U. S. Senate, *Investigation of Mexican Affairs*, Preliminary Report and Hearings of the Committee on Foreign Relations, 66 Cong., 2 Sess., Pursuant to S. Res. 106 (Washington, 1920), 1130-31.

<sup>16</sup> Interview with Fall's youngest daughter, Mrs. Jouett Fall Elliott, Dec. 22, 1946, as cited in an unpublished manuscript, soon to be published as a book, by C. L. Sonnichsen, "Tularosa: Last of the West," 82-83, 329ff.

<sup>17</sup> See Twitchell, *Leading Facts*, III, 185-223, for an example of one of these bloody mass demonstrations.

<sup>18</sup> Edith M. (Nicholl) Boyer, *Observations of a Ranchwoman in New Mexico* (London 1898), 80, 83-84. This was a common scene on election day with both parties striving to fill their corrals, according to other residents of Las Cruces at that time. Personal interview with Mrs. Katherine D. Stoes, Nov. 20, 1954, at Las Cruces; *Independent Democrat* (Las Cruces), Nov. 7, 1894.

<sup>19</sup> *Independent Democrat*, Nov. 28, 1894.

<sup>20</sup> *Rio Grande Republican* (Las Cruces) May 22, 1891.





In the tumultuous early legal days in New Mexico, Fall, center emerged as one of the great trial lawyers of his region. The man at left is identified only as Franklin. W. A. Hawkins is seated right, in Fall's law office.

ence. In fact, according to the opposition newspaper, he only stirred up more "strife and array," and, continued this partisan observer, "When the blessed Redeemer uttered that great humanitarian doctrine, 'Blessed are the peace makers,' he evidently did not refer to A. B. Fall."<sup>15</sup> Fall did not cleanse Dona Ana politics, but he did master all its Machiavellian techniques and maneuvers. He became the political power of southern New Mexico.

#### HE STARTED AS A DEMOCRAT

There was little question about which party Fall would choose. In many respects he was still a Kentuckian, and for a Southerner there was no other party but Democrat. This raised a difficulty. Territorial New Mexico was veneered with Republicanism because most of the influential public offices were filled by appointment as the national administration in Washington saw fit. And because Republican presidents occupied the White House most of the time for fifty years after the Civil War, this made it hard for Fall to obtain the important political positions and recognition which his ambition demanded. A well-entrenched Republican machine, feeding on the beneficence of Washington, controlled New Mexico, including Dona Ana County. At the head of this territorial organization

was Thomas B. Catron and his so-called "Santa Fe Ring." These Republican leaders, with influential ties in Washington, did their best to maintain a ruthless dominance over federal patronage and the favors emanating from the territorial capital at Santa Fe.<sup>16</sup> Frontier politics, reminiscent of the Jacksonian period, resulted, and often the practices of Dona Ana County spread all over New Mexico.

A. B. Fall, only a short time ago a mucker in the Grey Eagle Mine at Kingstons, decided to "fight the devil with fire."<sup>17</sup> He challenged the Dona Ana Republican machine, which meant also, of course, that he would be pitted against Thomas B. Catron and the "Santa Fe Ring." As one of his closest friends has written of Fall:

His nature was not one of those ordinary individuals, who drop into the life of a community without ripple or disturbance, and remain submerged a part of the general scheme of affairs, filling an unnoticed niche and creating no disturbance . . . [in] existing conditions or no change of usual surroundings. It was

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, Oct. 14, 1892.

<sup>16</sup> See William A. Kelcher, *The Fabulous Frontier, Twelve New Mexico Items* (Santa Fe, 1945), chap. V; Miguel A. Otero, *My Life on the Frontier* (vol. I, New York, 1935; vol. II, Albuquerque, 1939) II, 235.

<sup>17</sup> Fall, "Memoirs."

inevitable that his presence should be noticed, his activities observed, his ambitions sounded and possibilities analyzed.<sup>18</sup>

He became a master of sulphurous phrases and political vitriol. Whenever an opportunity presented itself (or he created one), whether in a public meeting, in court, or in private conversation, he harangued and castigated the Republicans. He cultivated the friendship and support of the Spanish-American element, and they seldom forgot their "amigo" on election day. He purchased a struggling weekly newspaper, the *Mesilla Valley Democrat*, which had all but failed in its Republican surroundings because of the bias signified by its name. His father and brother ostensibly ran the journal, whose name was changed to the *Independent Democrat*, but there was no doubt about who directed its editorial policy. Fall learned to resort to more forceful methods than the power of the press, however, when it was a matter of assembling a cavalry of armed cowboys furnished by a rancher friend, Oliver Lee, to disperse an opposing force of armed Republicans who were "guarding" the ballot boxes, or when conditions necessitated more individual combat.<sup>19</sup>

As the Democrats gained power under Fall's leadership, political rivalry became even more heated. Both factions were constantly armed and ready for trouble. By tacit agreement Main Street was a dividing line, the east side with the Palmilla Club (one of the better saloons) and the town's leading barber shop was reserved for the Democrats. The west side, where the principal general store, the Masonic Temple, and numerous saloons of lesser grandeur were located, was set aside for the Republicans.<sup>20</sup>

Fall claimed his life had been threatened and he was seldom seen on the streets without one or the other of his unofficial bodyguards, his brother-in-law, Joe Morgan, or his rancher friend, Oliver Lee. One September night in 1895 the tense situation was suddenly punctuated with gunfire. As Fall, his law partner, R. L. ("Deacon") Young, and Joe Morgan stood talking in the shadows outside the law partner's of-

fice on the east (Democratic) side of Main Street, a member of the opposition, Ben Williams, who had the reputation of a gunman, came walking down the same side of the street. Perhaps it was because the Republicans had hired Williams to kill Fall, or, perhaps, it was for other reasons, doubtless political in some part, that either Morgan or Williams, who had an old grudge, started shooting. At any rate, Morgan fired the first shot to take effect. It grazed Williams' head, badly powder-burning his face. Another shot, perhaps fired by Fall, passed through Williams' hat. A third shot, from Morgan's six-shooter at close range, shattered Williams' left elbow, passed out at the shoulder, and knocked him to the ground. Soon after this Williams, who had been returning the fire, got across to the Republican side of the street, shooting as he went, backed into a saloon, shot out the lights, and was quickly cared for by his friends. Fall was not injured, but his brother-in-law had a flesh wound in the upper arm.<sup>21</sup>

One report had it that Williams was "out to get" Fall and had stumbled into the saloon after the shooting saying he had done the job. The Republicans denied this. They said Williams had been the victim of a premeditated and unprovoked attack. Fall maintained that he did no shooting in the episode.<sup>22</sup> And when the grand jury, composed of sixteen Democrats and five Republicans, convened, it refused to find indictments against Fall and Morgan, but instead issued two separate nuisance indictments concerning matters apart from the shooting against Williams and Colonel Albert J. Fountain, the county's leading Republican. These last two charges were dismissed a short time later, and the Democratic-Republican rivalry continued along

<sup>18</sup> Thompson, "Fall Biography."

<sup>19</sup> *Independent Democrat*, Nov. 7 and 21, 1894; *Rio Grande Republican*, Dec. 15, 1894.

<sup>20</sup> Personal interview with Mrs. Katherine D. Stoes, Nov. 20, 1954, at Las Cruces; Sonnichsen, Mrs., "Tularosa," 134-35.

<sup>21</sup> *Rio Grande Republican*, Sept. 20, Oct. 4, 1895; Harry H. Bailey, *When New Mexico Was Young*, edited by Homer E. Gruver (Las Cruces, 1948), 192-93; personal interview with Fall's daughters, Mrs. Alexina Fall Chase, June 16, 1957, at Ruidoso, N. Mex. Fall always maintained that Williams was accompanied by an armed escort of three men.

<sup>22</sup> *Rio Grande Republican*, Sept. 20, 1895; interview with Mrs. Chase, June 16, 1957, at Ruidoso.

other paths.<sup>23</sup> By now the fiery Democratic chieftain was no longer a novice in the political affairs of territorial New Mexico.

#### BRILLIANT FRONTIER LAWYER

Although he had practiced law in some capacity earlier, Fall was formally admitted to practice before the territorial supreme court and the lesser courts of New Mexico in 1891, about four years after arriving in Las Cruces.<sup>24</sup> This was the culmination of a long process of "reading law" intermittently since his youth in Kentucky. Within a few years he was recognized as one of the most competent attorneys in that part of the Southwest. Much of his practice concerned both United States and Mexican law, especially in cases regarding land titles, water and mineral rights, and the legality of Mexican marriages under United States law, because of the proximity of Dona Ana County to Mexico, and because it was formerly Mexican territory. Cattle rustling cases also took much of his time. He afterward declared that he had defended some 500 persons accused of rustling and could not recall having lost one such case. Moreover, he was employed by livestock associations in the prosecution of rustlers and maintained that he had never lost one of these cases either. Murder cases, too, constituted a great part of his practice. Perhaps fifty of these involved first degree murder, only one of them resulting in conviction, according to Fall.<sup>25</sup>

Three of the most famous murder cases in which Fall acted as a defense attorney received wide notoriety. One was the shooting in El Paso of John Wesley Hardin, the infamous Texas killer, by John Selman in 1895. The celebrated Fountain case of 1896-99, in which Fall's right-hand man Oliver Lee and others were charged with murder in the disappearance on the White Sands of the Dona Ana Republican leader, Colonel Albert J. Fountain, and his nine-year-old son, drew the anxious attention of the entire Southwest and threatened to result in a bloody range war with the sides divided according to political alignments.<sup>26</sup> Fall headed the defense again in the 1908 trial of Wayne Brazel, the accused assassin of Pat F. Garrett, the Lincoln County sheriff who had disposed of Billy the Kid.



Mrs. Fall and daughters sat for this portrait about 1905. Their son is absent from this photograph, taken by Feldman in El Paso, Texas.

All of these trials ended in acquittal. In the events preceding and accompanying the Fountain trial Fall was closely associated with Eugene Manlove Rhodes, afterwards recognized as the bard-chronicler of the Cattle Kingdom, and the two remained lifelong friends.<sup>27</sup> In fact Rhodes used Fall as a character in some of his stories.<sup>28</sup>

A. B. Fall was a familiar figure in the courts of southern New Mexico, and his law practice became most profitable. Intermittently for many years he was connected with W. A. Hawkins and other attorneys-in-law partnerships in Las Cruces,

<sup>23</sup> *Rio Grande Republican*, Sept. 27, Oct. 4, 1895.

<sup>24</sup> Certificate, "Authorization to Practice Before the Supreme Court of New Mexico," dated Mar. 6, 1912, reaffirming Fall's authorization to practice before the courts of territorial New Mexico, as of Aug. 6, 1891. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>25</sup> Fall, "Memoirs."

<sup>26</sup> In 1914 Fall wrote of the Fountain murders. "This . . . case involved hundreds of people arrayed upon one side or the other, not only in a political but a personal feud." Fall to Roland Holt, Mar. 16, 1914. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>27</sup> When Rhodes later moved to the East, Fall encouraged him to return to New Mexico by saying, "You belong to the West and while you may think you can write of, and with, Western Spirit and without being directly under the inspiration of our Western sun and skies, you will find that you are mistaken." Fall to E. M. Rhodes (Apalachia, N. Y.), Nov. 11, 1907. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>28</sup> W. H. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man, The Life and Personal Writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes* (Norman, Okla., 1956), 100-01.



El Paso, and Clifton, Arizona. He represented irrigation and development enterprises, mining companies, lumber concerns, railroads, and other industrial interests.<sup>29</sup>

But still he had time for politics. He served in both houses of the territorial legislature, having been elected to the lower house first in 1890, as an associate justice of the New Mexico supreme court from 1893 to 1895 by appointment from Democratic President Grover Cleveland, and briefly as territorial attorney general twice, once in 1897 and again in 1907. In his early public career, as later, he often acted independently, sometimes refusing to attend Democratic caucuses, and he was always surrounded by controversy. Once, during a heated debate on the floor of the legislature, he impulsively stepped over from the Democratic side to slap the face of Charles A. Spiess, one of the territory's most prominent Republicans. Spiess did not reciprocate.<sup>30</sup>

When the Spanish-American War erupted, Fall readily took time off from his political and legal activities to lead the local company of militia, but the war was too short for Captain Fall to cover himself with the military glory which so enhanced the political fortunes of many New Mexicans who served with Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Rider Regiment. The closest he ever got to the fighting was the peanut fields of Georgia, where he and his troops underwent training at Camp Churchman.<sup>31</sup>

Following this brief army experience, Fall returned to Las Cruces and his law office. He expanded his practice, increased his mine holdings in New Mexico, in which he had been interested since his early days in the territory, acquired bank stocks, and made additional investments in Mexican mining. These interests were the foundation of his fortune, but the cornerstone came through his association with that colorful Western capitalist, Colonel William C. Greene.

<sup>29</sup> Fall, "Memoirs"; Fall to H. B. Hening, Sept. 20, 1918; to President Theodore Roosevelt, Oct. 29, 1907. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>30</sup> Miguel A. Otero, *My Nine Years as Governor of New Mexico 1897-1906*, edited by Marion Dargan (Albuquerque, 1940), 12; Otero to Marion Dargan, July 3, 1939. Dargan Papers, Special Collections, University of New Mexico Library, Albuquerque.

#### THE COPPER-COATED COUNSEL

As manager, organizer, and general counsel for the colonel's vast mining, timber, and railroad enterprises principally in Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexico, Fall had a key role in a multi-million dollar operation. This was his big opportunity, and he was equal to it. With a staff of lawyers and thousands of Mexican laborers under his supervision, he maintained offices in El Paso, New York, and at Concheno, Chihuahua, and at other points in Mexico. This undertaking provided an intimate knowledge of Mexican law, government, and society, besides affording an acquaintance with many influential Mexicans, including the old dictator, Porfirio Diaz. Later, when Mexico was convulsed in revolution and American property and lives were lost, Fall was in the Senate and became the outstanding advocate in that body for United States' intervention south of the border.

While directing Greene's operations, Fall had an opportunity to make investments of his own in those enterprises and elsewhere in Mexico. Then he closed out a large portion of his friend's interests, when Greene faced bankruptcy in the early 1900's, and, by advancing money of his own to meet certain of the Colonel's obligations, he secured titles to a remnant of the Greene properties, some of which he still held during the revolutionary period.<sup>32</sup>

With the profits from his Mexican interests A. B. Fall acquired a historic ranch near Tularosa, New Mexico, from Patrick Coghlan, who was reputed to have been a friend of Billy the Kid and the entrepreneur of a cattle rustling gang of which the Kid was the titular leader.<sup>33</sup> The ranch was located at the edge of the Tularosa Basin (where the first atomic bomb was exploded in July, 1945) in the rough hill

<sup>31</sup> Muster roll of Company H, First Regt. of Territorial Volunteers, July 15, 1898 to Feb. 11, 1899. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>32</sup> U.S. Senate, *Investigation of Mexican Affairs*, 1131-32; Fall to H. B. Hening, Sept. 20, 1918; to James S. Fiedler, Feb. 2, 1912. Fall Family Papers. Dr. I. J. Bush in *El Paso Times*, Mar. 16, 1925; personal interview with Harris Walthall, Nov. 23, 1954, in El Paso. Walthall was at one time one of Fall's law partners, long a confidant and friend, and also employed by Greene.

<sup>33</sup> Sophie A. Poe, *Buckboard Days*, edited by Eugene Cunningham (Caldwell, Idaho, 1936), 100-01, 117-18; Charles A. Siringo, *A Lone Star Cowboy* (Santa Fe, 1919), 269-70.



The famous, historic Fall ranch near Tularosa, N. M., purchased with profits from his Mexican operations. He moved his home here in 1904.

country at the foot of the Sierra Blanca Mountain. It controlled most of the lower part of the Tres Ritos (more correctly "Tres Rios,") or Three Rivers Valley, just to the north of the great mountain.

In 1904 Fall moved his home to the Three Rivers ranch, whose headquarters ranch-house, shaded by giant cottonwoods, had walls of adobe three feet thick. Ownership of this rugged ranch gave him tremendous satisfaction, and although he could never be there as much as he wished, he was able to devote more time to its supervision when his Mexican investments declined, and he spent his fortune expanding and developing it until eventually it encompassed about 650,000 acres. In fact the ranch brought about his downfall. Most of the \$404,000 he obtained from Sinclair and Doheny was used for the addition of more land, the construction of a hydroelectric plant, the laying of several miles of concrete irrigation ditches, and other improvements at Three Rivers. This show of affluence was the first thing to raise questions in the Teapot Dome investigation about his financial affairs.

#### A NEAT POLITICAL SWITCH

Mexican operations had taken most of his time for a few years, but Fall could not stay away from New Mexico politics. He astounded everyone in the territory by switching to the Republican Party, and voting that way in the 1906 election. It was not uncommon in New Mexico for top political leaders to change parties; however, no other switch was as surprising as Fall's, for he had been "one of the most uncompromising of democratic partisans ever identified with the political history of the State . . .," or, even worse, "the most rabid and intense Democrat in the whole Southwest. . . ."<sup>34</sup> But his affiliation with the Republican Party was quickly accepted, and soon he was blasting the Democrats just as energetically as he had the Republicans. This did represent nevertheless, a significant point of transition in Fall's life. With his switch from the Democrats to the Republicans, Fall lost the last important vestige of identification with the South. When

<sup>34</sup> Twitchell, *Leading Facts*, V, 113; quoted in Otero, *My Nine Years as Governor*, 153.



This rare photo shows the not-unusual winter snowfall which came to the stately Three Rivers Rancho.

he was willing to turn his back on the South's traditional party, he was no longer a Southerner. He was now a Westerner.

Toward the end of his life, when asked about this change of party allegiance, Fall simply smiled and replied, "I know when to change horses."<sup>35</sup> And this probably explains his political metamorphosis as well as anything else. Some day New Mexico was going to become a state, which in all probability would mean the election of two Republicans to the United States Senate. By this time Fall's aspirations demanded more prominence than local politics could bestow; he wanted to be one of the newly-admitted state's first Senators. After that, who could tell what would come next? A. B. Fall's driving ambition had taken him a long way since the days when he had served up sourdough biscuits, coffee, sow belly bacon, and other delicacies to Texas cowhands from his chuck wagon.

#### SENATOR FROM NEW MEXICO

In 1910 he was a delegate to the convention which produced a constitution for New Mexico's statehood. Then, in 1912, the first legislature of the forty-seventh state elected him and his old Republican enemy of Las Cruces days, Thomas B. Catron, as the first United States Senators. After nine years in the Senate, Fall was elevated to the Cabinet by his friend President Harding. Two years later, in March, 1923, he

resigned as Secretary of the Interior, and within a year the Teapot Dome investigation had unleashed the revelations which ruined him politically and financially.

The time to view Fall as an epitomized Westerner, then, is not at the end of his life, but in 1923, just as he retired from the Department of the Interior, and before his reputation crumpled. This was when his prestige was at its height, and the public still seemed to regard him as a "typical," highly successful Westerner.

Why had he left this impression during the years of his public office holding, and how well did he measure up to the popular conception? To begin with, Fall was a self-made man, a feat always dear to the promoters of the Western tradition. He had only a few years of formal schooling; this was all the education he ever got from other men. Also he loved horses, and for that matter, any kind of fine blooded stock. Every year he attended the Kentucky Derby, and a friend once declared, "... I think if he was in his grave and you mentioned a race horse he would jump right up and ask about it!"<sup>36</sup> A black, broad brimmed Stetson hat became his trademark, just as he was noted for his combative nature, his soft drawl, which, incidentally, was probably more Kentuckian than Western, and his bronzed complexion. The rumor got around that he always carried a gun and was not afraid to use it.<sup>37</sup>

Fall had a special talent for being a crony and played poker with a passion that made him a natural chum in his Senate days of poker-loving Warren G. Harding. His erect posture indicated to many that he was a "man who had spent much time in the saddle."<sup>38</sup> He was described as a "fighting man whose career, to some extent, is reminiscent of Buffalo Bill . . .," and

<sup>35</sup> Bailey, *When New Mexico Was Young*, 195.

<sup>36</sup> Edward B. McLean testifying before the Teapot Dome investigating committee, U. S. Senate, *Leases Upon Naval Reserves* (1924), 2691.

<sup>37</sup> "He showed me his six-shooter one afternoon; he carried it always, a habit of frontier days," Evelyn Walsh McLean, *Father Struck It Rich*, with Boyden Sparkes (Boston, 1936), 253.

<sup>38</sup> Mark Sullivan, *The Twenties*, Vol. VI of *Our Times; The United States 1900-1925* (6 vols., New York, 1926-1935), 288-91.



Here is the more normal setting of the lovely Three Rivers Rancho which figured so prominently in the Teapot Dome hearings.

with "the sort of eyes that one learned to beware of in the early frontier days as indicating a man who could take care of himself in almost any sort of company."<sup>39</sup>

A subordinate in the Interior Department said of him: Fall was certainly a man of ability. He was a fighter who gave and took hard blows. I think that, and party politics, was the major cause of opposition to him rather than any special jealousy. I was fond of him but to be fair we must remember that his code was that of the frontier and frontier politics.<sup>40</sup>

Fall himself put it another way in a letter in which he had frankly assessed the capability of a local politician and had concluded by telling the man, "You will excuse the 'poker' terms which I have used, but the game of politics is so much like a game of poker that these, it strikes me, are most appropriate."<sup>41</sup>

His enormous ranch became a legend, especially with Easterners, and someone enamored with the West was forever writing him about a job on it, or wanting to send an ailing or erring son, whichever the case might be, there for restitution. And sometimes in true Western hospitality Fall graciously favored these requests. One such Eastern boy, of the ailing variety, lived on the Three Rivers ranch for eleven months, at the end of which the father asserted that his experience would no doubt prove more valuable to his son than any two or three years in the boy's lifetime.<sup>42</sup>

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE UNTAMED WEST

In the Harding Cabinet, as in the New Mexico territorial legislature, Albert B. Fall showed what some Easterners might consider the spirit of the "untamed" West. Actually, he was simply a rebel, or sometimes, as he afterwards characterized his position in the Cabinet, a "kicker."

<sup>39</sup> Louis Siebold in *New York World*, as quoted in *Current Opinion*, LXXI (July, 1921), 34.

<sup>40</sup> H. Foster Bain, Director to the Bureau of Mines under Fall to Cyril Clemens, Apr. 14, 1940. Copy, Fall Family Papers.

<sup>41</sup> Fall to John R. McFie, Dec. 2, 1907. Fall Family Papers.

<sup>42</sup> Matthew Luce (Cambridge, Mass.) to Fall, Sept. 3, 1921. Fall Family Papers.



I became unintentionally the kicker of the Cabinet. It got so I was expected to make objections. Most of the rest of them were more reserved. I wish now that I had been, too. For every time I kicked about something I made an enemy, and in later years all these little disaffections piled up against me. As we say out west, I spoke too many times when I should have been listening.<sup>43</sup>

Some of these qualities mentioned might appear in any man, Easterner as well as Westerner, but in his attitude toward the conservation of natural resources Fall was without doubt typically Western. He was by no means a conservationist in the popular conception of the term, as many of his speeches and actions while in the Senate and Interior Department reveal. Fall admired Theodore Roosevelt and nominated him for the Presidency in the 1916 Republican National Convention. Roosevelt once called Fall "the kind of public servant of whom all Americans should feel proud," and another time he stated, "For two or

<sup>43</sup> *El Paso Times*, July 22, 1931 (article four in a series of fifteen by Fall with Magner White for the North American Newspaper Alliance.)



three years Senator Fall has been on the whole, with the possible exception of Senator Poindexter, the man with whom I have been able most cordially to co-operate among all of the people at Washington.”<sup>44</sup> This friendship was based, however, on a mutual disapproval of President Woodrow Wilson’s “watchful waiting” policy in Mexico rather than on common ground in conservation views. In fact Fall was specifically repulsed by Roosevelt’s conservation program as expressed in the 1912 Progressive Party platform.<sup>45</sup>

Fall had been exploiting the natural resources in the Southwest and in Mexico as a rancher and in various mining ventures for nearly forty years when he became Secretary of the Interior, and he believed that the land, timber, and minerals of the Western states should be used for the immediate development of that section, just as they had been in the older states. Once when an official of the National Park Service challenged him on his wide-open attitude toward the public lands, asking what sort of heritage this would leave the next generation, Fall replied easily:

<sup>44</sup> Quoted in Robert Shankland, *Steve Mather of the National Parks* (New York, 1951), 219-20.



Left, an admirer, Lillian M. Lane sent this drawing of Mr. Fall to him after he had retired to New Mexico. It was based on a photograph in the **PORTLAND NEWS** of July 4, 1928. Above is one of the innumerable and expensive irrigation developments on the Three Rivers Ranch, which figured so prominently in the Teapot Dome affair

I’m surprised at you. You’ve had a good education. You know something about history. Every generation from Adam and Eve down has lived better than the generation before. I don’t know how . . . [the next generation will] do it — maybe they’ll use the energy of the sun or the sea waves — but . . . [they] will live better than we do. I stand for opening up every resource.<sup>46</sup>

Consequently it should not have been surprising that as Secretary of the Interior, after rather surreptitiously assuming control of the naval oil reserves, set aside for the Navy’s use only in case of emergency, he negotiated leasing arrangements with Sinclair and Doheny for these reserves. The astonishing part came when it was discovered he had taken money from the two oilmen at about the same time the leases were being made. Fall went to prison for accepting a bribe, but it must be said in his behalf that with his typically Western attitude of unrestrained and immediate disposition of the natural resources, and for this reason alone, he no doubt would have turned over the reserves to Sinclair and Doheny, or to some other representatives of private enterprise.

In a peculiar manner the natural resources of the West made and broke Albert B. Fall. His life is “an American success story” with an unhappy ending!



This is *THE TRAIL BOSS* by C. M. R., painted in 1918.

# Rangeland Rembrandt

## The Incomparable Charles Marion Russell

### By F. G. Renner

Charles Marion Russell was born ninety-three years ago (March 19, 1864) in the little town of Oak Hill, a community long since a part of Saint Louis, Missouri. The Russell family was an old one in this historic locality, Charley's great-grandfather having settled there around 1805. Some years later both coal and fire clay were discovered on the family plantation and for many years the Oak Hill Fire-Brick and Tile Works was one of the largest firms of its kind in the United States. At the time of Charley's boyhood, his father, Charles Silas, was Secretary of the family firm and by the standards of the day the Russell family was well-to-do.<sup>1</sup>

Fortunately, we have considerable knowledge of Charley's early years. In many ways, he was a typical youngster, tow-headed, full of energy, mischievous, and with a notable abhorrence for school. In later years, Charley jokingly denied ever having set foot in school. But he corrected this by saying that he had gone one day—when his brother had been sick and he had taken his place. There isn't any question, however, that Charley was more interested in playing Indians and cowboys in the woods around his home, or in watching the

fascinating goings-on down around the waterfront, than he was in musty school books.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For some of the early biographical details used in this paper the writer acknowledges indebtedness to Dan R. Conway, author of *A Child of the Frontier*, unpublished memoirs of Charles M. Russell. Also see *C. M. R., Cowboy Artist* by Austin Russell, Twayne Publishers, N. Y., 1957, for some of the latest versions.

<sup>2</sup> In about another month, the long awaited work by Harold McCracken, *The Charles M. Russell Book*, in three de luxe, heavily-illustrated editions, will be released by Doubleday and Co., publishers of the two previous most popular Russell books, *Trails Plowed Under* and *Good Medicine*. Undoubtedly new material and interpretation will be available, since Mr. McCracken spent much time researching in the voluminous files of the Montana State Historical Library as well as all other available sources in Montana. This, perhaps, will be the definitive work on the great cowboy artist; certainly it will be the best art book yet published on C. M. R.'s work, with 48 pages of full color and more than 180 other reproductions, according to advance publicity.

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Fred Renner is the acknowledged expert on the work of C. M. Russell. He has cataloged and has knowledge of more Russell art than any other living person. This is his second major article on this subject to appear in this magazine.





In two respects, Charley was different from his boyhood companions. One was his interest in making pictures and modeling small figures of animals. He sketched on everything, his school books, tablets, the front steps—anything that offered an inviting surface. His first models were of wax, which he stole from his sister when she was making wax flowers. The tails and manes of his tiny horses were fashioned from wisps of hair from a paint brush. When he ran out of wax, he used clay from the nearby brick yard. No doubt, some of his life-like figures of dogs and horses were placed on the stacks of raw bricks as they moved into the kiln to be fired—the fore-runners of the magnificent sculptures he

was later to preserve in bronze. Some of these early figures so impressed friends of the family that Charley was given a supply of beeswax. From that day to his death he carried a ball of this interesting material in his pocket.

Charley's other obsession was the West. He played hooky for days at a time to haunt the waterfront and watch the explorers, entrepreneur, soldier and tail-end fur-traders leaving for the upper reaches of the Missouri. He had read every dime novel he could get his hands on and he was determined to go West and become a cowboy just as soon as he could get away from home. As a matter of fact, Charley Russell ran away a time or two—first when he was twelve and again when he was fourteen.

#### *Charley Goes West*

Bribing, punishing, and scolding had no effect on Charley Russell. His father finally concluded that the only cure for the boy was to get a real taste of the West. Father Russell was sure the hardships would soon pall on the youngster and he would then return home and settle down to his school work, eventually taking his proper place in the family business.



Above: **GET YOUR ROPES**, painted in 1899. Despite his innate modesty Russell frequently portrayed himself in his rangeland paintings. He is properly cast, left, on horseback as a night herder. Left, **SMOKING UP** his first work to be cast in bronze.



About that time, a friend of the family called "Pike" (Wallis W.) Miller was returning to Montana. Russell, Sr., made arrangements for Charley to go with him. Miller was in partnership with an early Montana sheepman, Jack Waite, and the idea was that Charley would work for them, at least for the summer. Accordingly, the boy and Pike set out on March 15, 1880, just four days before Charley's sixteenth birthday. Traveling West to Ogden they took the Utah Northern north through Fort Hall to the end of the line at Red Rock. From there they traveled by stage to Helena<sup>3</sup> where they outfitted, Miller buying a four-horse team and Charley a saddle horse for the rest of the hundred-mile trip to the ranch in Judith Basin. Charley had arrived in Montana Territory—the country that was to be his home for the next forty-six years.

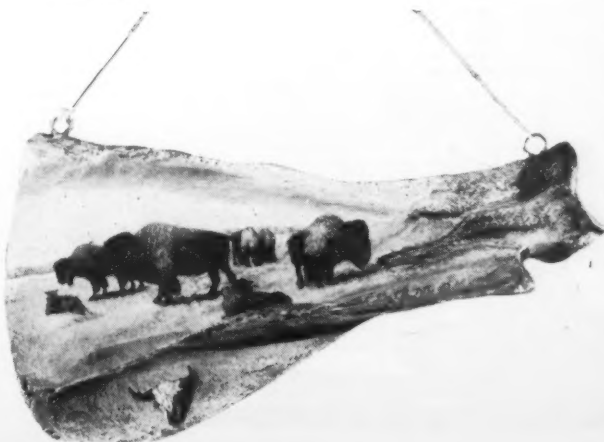
#### *A Frontier Paradise*

It is difficult to visualize what a frontier country Montana was seventy-six years ago. Charley himself described the Judith Basin as a "hunter's paradise, bounded by

No American artist has recreated more of the dramatic episodes of western frontier history than did CMR. Above is one of many relating to the famous expedition of 1805-6, titled **CAPTAIN LEWIS MEETING THE SHOSHONES**, painted in 1903. Right: An oddity, a magnificent buffalo scene painted on the shoulder bone of the ruminant, which Russell picked up on the prairie.

walls of mountains and containing miles of grassy open spaces, more beautiful and green than any man-made parks. These parks and mountains behind them swarmed with deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear, besides beaver and other small fur-bearing animals. The creeks were alive with trout. Nature had surely done her best, and no king of the old times could have claimed a more beautiful and bountiful domain."<sup>4</sup>

One bit of history that may help us appreciate what even the settlements were like is the record of a sign that was posted in the lobby of one of the hotels in the region, it was headed, "NO JAWBONE," which simply meant there would be no credit—all payment had to be in cash or gold dust. Below this were the following rules of conduct for the guests of the establishment:





Although Russell painted such famous Indians as Chief Joseph and Sitting Bull he preferred to portray Indians whom he knew and liked. Left is CHIEF BLOOD BROTHER, right is CHIEF BLOOD ARROW, both painted in 1900.

1. Guests will be fed breakfast and supper but must rustle their own lunch.
2. Spiked boots and spurs must be removed before retiring.
3. Dogs not allowed in bunks, but may sleep underneath.
4. Towels changed weekly. Insect powder for sale at the bar.
5. Special rates to "Gospel Grinders".
6. Guests are requested to rise at 6 A. M. This is imperative as the sheets are needed for tablecloths.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "When they arrived (in Helena) the streets were lined with freight outfits. He saw bull teams, with their dusty whackers, swinging sixteen-foot lashes with rifle-like reports over their seven or eight yoke teams; their string of talk profane and hide-blistering as their whips . . . it was ration-time for the Indians . . . so the red men were standing or riding in that quiet way of theirs, all wearing skin leggings and robes . . . The picturesqueness of it all filled the heart and soul of this youthful traveler and he knew that he had found his country . . ." Nancy Russell in Introduction, *Good Medicine*, p. 18.

<sup>4</sup> "A slice of Charley Russell's Early Life." The Eleventh Annual Roundup, Great Falls, Montana, High School, June, 1918,

We can imagine, however, how vividly the country and its people must have impressed the observant youngster from the distant East. Here were the cowboys and Indians he had read about, and along with them many characters he had never dreamed of—bullwhackers, miners, missionaries, gamblers, desperadoes, scarlet-coated policemen from across the line, French-Canadian rivermen in bright-colored sashes, pig-tailed Chinamen, and heavily armed trappers and traders in buckskin. Charley saw them all and with an uncanny memory

<sup>5</sup> Paul F. Sharp describes a somewhat more elaborate, and possibly the original, notice of this kind that was reported to have hung in the MacLeod Hotel across the line at Fort MacLeod, Alberta. *Whoop Up Country*, pp. 204-205. University of Minnesota Press, 1955.

<sup>6</sup> Russell's few weeks as a sheepherder apparently made no deep or lasting impression. Of the twenty-five hundred or more of his paintings, sketches, and models with which the writer is familiar, not one depicting the lowly sheep is known.

<sup>7</sup> (After a brief time at the sheep ranch) "Charlie began to wonder if he would ever fit into western life . . . He knew he was a failure as a sheepherder . . . 'Pike an' Jack couldn't buy sheep fast 'nough . . . I'd lose the damn things as fast as they'd put 'em on the ranch.' On another occasion he is reported to have said to Waite: ". . . if y'u fellers want me to stay you'll have to give me a new bunch (of sheep). . . I've lost 'em all." Charles M. Russell, Britzman and Yost, Trail's End Publishing Co., Pasadena, 1948, p. 35,



Left, the beautiful small bronze titled OH MOTHER, WHAT IS IT? One of many sensitive studies of wild life, prompted by the fact that he loved everything in nature and despised most things that were man-made.





THE BUFFALO HUNT, a magnificent and accurate 1915 oil.

stored away in his mind every detail of their dress and equipment.

*From Shepherd to Cowman*

Young Russell didn't last very long with the Miller-Waite sheep outfit.<sup>6</sup> His mind was on too many other things to pay the necessary attention to keep these stupid animals from piling up over a cut-bank and smothering to death or being scattered by coyotes. The plain facts are that as a sheepherder—the lowliest of all jobs in the social scale of the West — Charley was a failure. Miller didn't understand boys very well and finally told Charley he would never get along in Montana. After a few weeks of this treatment, Charley quit and headed for the stage station near the present town of Utica where a man had promised him a job herding horses. Miller got there first, however, and told the station man that "young Russell wasn't worth his grub," and when Charley arrived there was no job. All he owned in the world was his brown mare and a pinto pony he had bought from a passing Indian. With no money or grub, he headed up the Judith River a short distance and made camp.<sup>7</sup> While he was wondering

where his next meal was coming from, a rider he recognized as Jake Hoover appeared and made his camp on the river nearby. After getting his horses unpacked, Hoover strolled over. Finding Charley had no grub, Hoover offered to let the youngster throw in with him and the two of them lived and hunted together for the next year and a half.

As training for the future, this proved to be one of the most valuable experiences the youngster could have had. Hoover was an able professional skin and meat hunter and under the direction of the later-day Mountain Man Charley learned the habits of game animals, how to "read sign," and many another bit of keen information about nature that he was to use so efficiently later



As Russell's posthumous fame mounts, more and more of his works emerge. This quaint, early drawing of 1882 for a Lewistown maiden's scrapbook was found in a trunk, only a few years ago.



In the most glorious days of the old West, the great fur-trading period that had already ended when Russell reached Montana territory in 1880, the romance comes alive again because of this graphic historian's vast breadth of interest. These two paintings are typical of the picture history he preserved for posterity; the perfectly captioned **ROMANCE MAKERS**, which probably depicts a fur-trading party in the Sun River country (above) and **MEAT FOR THE WAGONS** painted in 1925, which again proves his great skill as a water colorist, and epitomizes a huge chunk of significant Western Americana. Right, at bottom of page 21 is an early (1894) oil in which the eager young genius tried to depict too much. Nevertheless **MULE PACK TRAIN** is an important pictorial documentation.



in his paintings. He couldn't have tied up to a better man than Jake Hoover for this formative indoctrination in The Old West.

#### *Night Herder and Wrangler*

The youngster's burning ambition to become a cowboy had not been forgotten, however, although he had been turned down in the one or two attempts he had made to get on with some of the cow outfits that were just coming into the Basin.<sup>8</sup> About this time he became acquainted with Pat Tucker, a full-fledged cowboy who offered to speak a good word for him. Tucker made good on his promise and Charley was hired by S. S. Hobson as night herder, a job he held on and off with various outfits for the next eleven years.<sup>9</sup> Russell thus got in on one of the historic events of Montana, the first cattle drive out of the Judith Basin to the railroad in the fall of 1881.

Before the drive got underway at Stanford, some of the cowboys did a little celebrating and tried to ride their horses into one of the saloons, an incident which Russell later recorded in his familiar painting, *IN WITHOUT KNOCKING*.

The owners of the herd of nearly a thousand cattle included S. S. Hobson, Stadler and Kaufman, George Barrows (whose son was later to write the classic book "Ubet"), Old Man Belcher, the Skelton Brothers, and John Duffield. Hatch Tuttle was the foreman and Matt Price the trail boss. James Boyer and Harry Keeton were two of the cowboys and Charles Russell and Frank Plunkett were night herder and horse wrangler.

<sup>8</sup> Britzman and Yost claim that near the end of his first year with Jake Hoover, the trapper-hunter split his profits with Charley and the youngster used the money to visit his family at St. Louis. He came back to Montana Territory with his cousin, Jim Fulkerson, but the boy died soon of "mountain fever." In April, 1881 with but 50 cents in his pocket Russell started back to Hoover's cabin. "When he arrived on the Musselshell he struck a cow outfit on their way to receive a thousand dogies from the Z, CT and 12 outfits in the Basin. John Cabler was foreman and the outfit had about forty head of saddle horses. . . . They gave him (Charley) a job wrangling horses, so he trailed along with this outfit until they met the Judith roundup on the Ross Fork. This was Charlie's first experience wrangling horses and he liked it." *op. cit.* Charles M. Russell, p. 50.

<sup>9</sup> For an exciting account of an early-day cowman's friendship with Russell, see *Riding the High Country* by Patrick T. Tucker. Caxton Printers, 1933.

When the herd left Stanford, they headed straight for the Yellowstone River, through Judith Gap and down Swimming Woman Creek. Near the head of that stream the riders found seven dead Indians, the sole remaining evidence of a battle between a war party of Piegans and a raiding party of the Crows. Proceeding south of Bull Mountains, they hit the Yellowstone east of the settlement of Coulson where the present town of Billings stands. After passing Pompey's Pillar, the herd entered the Crow country where they were stopped by the Chief and informed that a payment of a dollar a head would be exacted for crossing the Crow lands. The cowmen refused to pay, and in their anger the Indians stampeded the cattle by cracking blankets in front of the lead animals. Both of these incidents were later to be subjects of Russell paintings in his *TOLL COLLECTORS*, and *A STAMPEDE*.

As a night herder and wrangler, Russell, of course, had his days free to paint, which is probably the reason why he never really tried to become a top cowhand. During these early years he merely painted for fun, mostly in water color, giving his pictures away to anyone who admired them.

Whether he was sitting cross-legged in front of a campfire or on his infrequent trips to the nearest settlement, Russell was still painting on anything that was handy. Two circular paintings of Indians done on the ends of beer-kegs at the old Utica Stage Station have been preserved; and the daughter of Jack Waite now of Lewistown, Montana, still prizes a little sketch on silk—the lining her father ripped out of his Stetson and handed Charley with the request that he "make him a picture of his favorite horse."







Emerson Hough paid \$30 each for five paintings to illustrate "The Story of the Cowboy." This one, COON CAN, A HORSE APIECE depicts the beginning of a gambling story which ends with the painting, bottom page 25.

In February of 1887 Russell made the little sketch that, as much as any one thing, was responsible for starting him on the road to fame. Charley had been working for the Bar R outfit of Stadler and Kaufman the fall before and after the roundup he drifted around, riding line and visiting his friends. Late in the winter he dropped in on the adjoining OH ranch to spend a few days with his friend, Jesse Phelps.

While Charley was there, Phelps received a letter from Kaufman in Helena inquiring how the Bar R cattle were doing.<sup>10</sup> The winter had been one of the worst in Montana history, freezing weather and deep crusted snow making it impossible for the cattle to paw through to the grass. While Phelps was trying to compose a letter, and reluctant to tell just how bad the news was, Charley got out his water colors and made a little sketch about the size of a post card which he titled WAITING FOR A CHINOOK. The painting showed a Bar R steer in deep snow, his ears frozen, eyes dimmed, and surrounded by prairie wolves waiting to close in. Phelps tore up his letter and sent in the little painting — and Kaufman knew all he needed to know.



WAITING FOR A CHINOOK wasn't much of a painting from an artistic standpoint but it had a stark realism that vividly described the rigors of that terrible Montana winter. Reproduced and widely distributed by the National Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it helped make "Charley Russell, The Cowboy Artist" known to many thousands of people.<sup>11</sup>

#### *Red and White Brothers*

Russell had always been interested in Indians and, unlike most of the residents of Montana in those days, did not consider "The only good Indian was a dead Indian." His first contact with them had been at Fort Hall on his way out to Montana; while with Jake Hoover he met and became acquainted with a number of the bands of Piegiens who hunted the Judith Basin country and passed through it on their way to raid the Crows, Russell realized, too, that times were fast changing and that if he were to understand the Indians, he would have to learn about them soon or it would be too late.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> This accounts for the Bar R (-R) brand on the decimated, almost dead critter that Charlie depicts in his famous, but tiny painting, "Waiting for a Chinook," which for many years has been popularly called "Last of the 5,000." This exciting art form is on indefinite loan from the Montana Stockgrowers Association to the Historical Society of Montana's Charles M. Russell Room.

<sup>11</sup> For an authentic and detailed account see "The Story Behind Waiting for a Chinook" by Wallis Huidekoper, p. 37, *Montana, the magazine of western history*, Summer, 1954. Another account, "I Knew C. M. Russell" by Carter V. Rubottom, appears in the Winter 1954 issue of the same fine magazine.

<sup>12</sup> The artist's paintings and sculpture are perpetual testimony of his devotion, respect and deep understanding of the Indians. In his writings and public statements too, he was unabashedly sympathetic with his "Red Brothers." Will Rogers said he "had great spiritual feeling . . . a great sympathy and understanding for the man of the world, be he 'Injun' or White." He learned to speak some Piegan. He excelled in talking the universal sign language and could converse fluently by this method with any Indian. Many red men were among his most intimate friends, including Sleeping Thunder and Little Boy, to name only two.

Russell in his eagerness painted on wood, bark, bone, hides; and his classic WAITING FOR A CHINOOK, on a part of a boot box. Here on the vault door of a Lewistown, Montana bank he painted ON DAY HERD on solid steel.



No white man of his day could paint the Indian with more intimacy, more accuracy or greater compassion than Charles M. Russell. **THREE GENERATIONS** is one of his able renditions of the interior intimacy of family life among the Northern Blackfeet, a life which he shared and lived as did few white men.

Accordingly, late in the summer of 1888 when he was still 23 years of age, Russell pushed north into Canada to visit a friend, Sleeping Thunder, son of Chief Medicine Whip, a minor Chief of the Bloods. Russell lived with this band of buffalo Indians until the following March, hunting with them, joining in their feasts and dances, and in a snug tepee listening to their stories and legends in the long winter evenings. He learned their habits and customs in detail, the meanings of their symbols, and much about their religion. The tales he heard were history that had never been written, much of which would have been lost had he not stored it away and later recorded it on canvas. The evidence that he listened and observed well is in a hundred important paintings — **MEDICINE MAN**, **THE BUFFALO HUNT**, **IN THE ENEMY COUNTRY**, **WOLF MAN**, and **THE SPOILS OF WAR**, to mention but a few. Like his life with Jake Hoover and his years around cow outfits, these months of intimate association with the Blood Indians furnished Russell a knowledge and understanding of his subjects that came to few artists.

For the next several years, Russell worked for a number of the well-known cow outfits around Chinook, Big Sandy, Cas-

cade, and Lewistown. In its issue of February 20, 1891, the *Lewistown Argus* reported that: "C. M. Russell, the cowboy artist has painted a picture on the vault door of the bank. He commenced work at 10 A. M., and put on the finishing touches at 4 P. M. The scene is of the typical cowboy seated on a fine bronco, his leg thrown carelessly over the horn of the saddle, smoking a cigarette, and gazing at the beef herd a short distance beyond. Attached to the rider and the horse are the usual trappings that complete the cowboys outfit — chaps, revolver, cartridge belt, lariat, tapaderos, sombrero, and spurs. The beef herd which has been cut out for the market can be seen in the distance as also a running stream and another horse and rider. The cattle are branded 12 (S. S. Hobson's brand) and Bar C, the brand of the Bay State Company. Altogether, it is a fine scene and one of the very best productions of this eccentric genius."

The account doesn't say so, but Charley was paid only \$25 for this painting, a sum he badly needed for he was nearly out of clothes. Nor does it mention that on his way to T. C. Power's general store he loaned most of his recently acquired commission to a cow puncher friend who was broke and hungry.



### He Begins To Publish

Russell had his first publication in a magazine of national circulation when one of his paintings was used for an illustration in *Harper's Weekly* in 1888.<sup>13</sup> Two years later a New York firm published fourteen of his early oils in a small portfolio called *Studies of Western Life* and this was followed in 1894 by illustrations in *The Cattle Queen of Montana* and a book of Indian legends called *How the Buffalo Lost his Crown*. It is doubtful, however, if any of these brought him more than a few dollars.<sup>14</sup>

In 1895, Russell was visiting in Cascade and it was there he met the girl he was to marry a year later. Nancy Cooper had come out from Kentucky and was working for the Ben Roberts family, old friends of Charley's.<sup>15</sup> She was a pretty girl, round-faced and soft looking, with little indication of the tough-minded, shrewd business woman she later proved to be. As crude as many of Charley's paintings were at that time, she recognized his ability and was determined to see to it that he made the best of his talents. Cascade was a small town, probably not more than two hundred people, and within a year after their marriage Nancy insisted that they move to Great Falls where there were greater opportunities. She also suggested to Charley that he spend more time on each of his paintings and even proposed some of the subjects she thought would be more popular and saleable.

There was no question, however, that Nancy believed her husband had great possibilities as an artist, and single-mindedly set out to help him become successful. On

Left, INDIAN CAMP No. 4. Right, op. page, the moving, magnificent DEATH SONG OF LONE WOLF in which an ancient Indian battle between northern Plains tribes is recaptured brilliantly by the man who heard the story from his beloved "Red Brothers".

his part, Charley had little interest in money and was too modest to be aware that his paintings were worth considerably more than he had been asking for them. Under the circumstances, it was only natural that Nancy should take over the business affairs of the partnership.

Success didn't come immediately and for two or three years the couple had a rugged time of it. For one thing, the people of Great Falls weren't especially interested in paintings of cowboys or Indians—they could look out the kitchen window and see a live one nearly any hour of the day. Nancy realized this and sought to find a market by sending sketches and paintings to magazine and book publishers in the East. One of the first commissions they received was for \$30 from Emerson Hough for five paintings to illustrate *The Story of the Cowboy* which came out in 1897.

### Recognition in Far-Away Places

Between such commissions and the sale of an occasional painting, by 1903 they had managed to save enough money to take the next momentous step, a trip to New York City. There, Nancy made her first big sale,

<sup>13</sup> (Mr. Renner is too modest to mention it, but he has amassed the most complete record in existence of Russell's art; he is widely accepted as a Russell expert; and he is a dedicated collector of Russell's original work. For the best article ever written on the subject of forgery and imitators of CMR see "Bad Pennies" by Mr. Renner, *Montana, the magazine of western history*, pp. 1-15, Spring, 1956. More details on the matter of the artist's first publication are mentioned in this issue on page 11.)

<sup>14</sup> On Sept. 30, 1897, Russell signed an agreement with William Bleasdel Cameron of *Western Field and Stream* magazine to provide 40 illustrations—not only pen and ink sketches but water colors and simple oils—for a total of \$350. On today's market that many Russell paintings could, conceivably, bring \$35,000. See article, "I Knew Charles M. Russell" by Carter V. Rubottom, *Montana, the magazine of western history*, Winter, 1954, pp. 16-26.

<sup>15</sup> Ben Roberts was a cowboy who turned saddle-maker. Many people thought that he and Russell looked alike, and both of them had been told this before they actually met. The story is told that when they did meet, face to face on the streets of Cascade, Roberts said, "Howdy, Charley." Surprised, Russell asked this stranger how he knew his name and Roberts is reputed to have said: "I've been told that if I ever meet another man as ugly as me, then it would be Kid Russell. An' you're it, so I reckon you're Russell." They became fast friends and remained so through life.





Below: The sequel painting, **COON CAN, TWO HORSES** — the Indian has beaten the Cowboy at his own game.

a painting for \$500. Nancy also made the rounds of the publishers and was successful in getting commissions for Charley to illustrate a number of books. Their old Montana friend, Bertha Muzzie, a school teacher from Trout Creek Basin, had just completed a novel called, *Chip of the Flying U* that was to come out under the pen name, B. M. Bower. Through her, Nancy met the publishers, Street and Smith, and arrangements were made for Charley to do the illustrations. G. B. Putman's Sons were about to publish *The Trail of Lewis and Clark*, and *Bucking the Sagebrush* and Charley got the contract for illustrating these books also. After this first trip the couple returned to New York almost every

year or two. In New York, Charley's work, if not better known than it was in Montana, at least brought far higher prices.<sup>16</sup>

His first important one-man show took place at the Folsom Galleries in New York City in 1911. It was followed in succeeding years by exhibitions at Calgary, Canada; Chicago; at the International Art Exhibition in Rome; and at the Dore Galleries in London in 1914. As Russell's success grew, so, under the shrewd hand of his wife and able business manager, did the price of his paintings. The few old-time art dealers left along 57th Street in New York City still remember Mrs. Russell under the half-envious, half-admiring title of "Nancy the Robber". In 1919, when the then Prince of Wales (Edward Windsor) visited the Stampede at Calgary, Canada, the Russell painting that now hangs in Buckingham Palace

<sup>16</sup> It is generally believed that Russell met Will Crawford and John Marchand, both then nationally-known artist-illustrators, before his first trip to New York. On his first, and subsequent visits to the metropolis they were very kind to him, allowing use of their studios, helping make contacts, and above all engaging in shop talk with a lonely, disturbed man, because CMR was never at ease in a city. These artists later introduced him, or helped him meet Al Levering, Ed Yohn, Martin King, Joe Scheurle, Philip Goodwin, August Mager, Percy Gray, Frank Nankivell, L. M. Glackens and Schreyvogel. He remained a close friend of Goodwin and Crawford (along with Ed Borcin, whom he met later) until his death in 1926.





was purchased for \$10,000. It was reported at that time that this was the highest price ever paid for the work of a living American artist! Russell also had showings at Saskatoon, Canada; Boston, Minneapolis, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. In 1925, he was honored by a special exhibition in Washington, D. C., at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, where 28 of his paintings and sculptures were shown.

#### *A Sculptor's Dimensions Are Added*

As previously mentioned, Russell invariably carried a ball of beeswax in his pocket. As he stood talking to a group of close friends, it was his life-long pleasure to delight them by suddenly producing a beautifully modeled miniature figure of a horse's head, a snarling wolf, or some other animal. His first larger model to be cast in bronze, a cowboy on a bucking bronco, was made in 1904. By the time of his death, fifty different pieces of sculpture had been thus preserved, and today, with pieces cast posthumously, the figure probably exceeds one hundred.

Left, one of the greatest of all Western sculptings, the classic **WHERE THE BEST OF RIDERS QUIT**—perhaps the most sought after of all CMR's great bronzes. The brand on the horse was registered by A. Panbrun, an early day Ft. Shaw, Mont. rancher.

An old mother bear with a couple of cubs was one of the artist's favorite subjects. There are several of these bronzes—the cubs digging for ants in a rotten log, startled by a porcupine, or just playing. One of the most vigorous and sought-after Russell bronzes is one called, *When the Best of Riders Quit*—a bucking bronco apparently about to go over backwards in an effort to get rid of his rider (currently priced by dealers at \$3,500). The cowboy has swung to one side, ready either to step down or get back in the saddle, depending on which way the horse goes. In contrast, another is the peaceful figure of a single mountain sheep, quietly making his way down a steep declivity—a bronze that Borglum, another famous American sculptor, pronounced the finest of all Russell studies in anatomy. This almost miniature piece, (8 inches high) today is listed at \$1,250 by one prominent dealer.

Unlike Russell's paintings, many of which were reproduced by the thousands, only a limited number of each of the bronzes were cast. The result is that many people are not

Poor photo but a thrilling bronze, **MOUNTAIN SHEEP**, pronounced by Gutzon Borglum as one of Russell's finest in animal anatomy.



Despite its great reduction here, *SPOILS OF WAR*, is an exciting and able painting of the period pre-dating the whiteman. Horse raiding was the most glorious and honorable activity of stout-hearted Red mauraunders, never to be confused with the lowly horse thieving of the white men who followed.

even aware that Russell was a sculptor, despite the fact that experts in the art world have, for many years, considered him a finer artist in this medium than as a painter.

#### *Russell As A Writer*

Russell was also a writer of no mean ability. His first series of short stories appeared in *Outing Magazine* in 1907 and 1908. Others were published in the paper-backed *Rawhide Rawlins Stories* in 1921 and still others in *More Rawhides* in 1925. The year after his death, these were all brought together in book form with added illustrations under the title. "Trails Plowed Under."

Perhaps they are prejudiced, but many people consider that Russell came closer to capturing the authentic flavor of the country and people he wrote about than any other writer of his time. This is swinging a pretty wide loop when it is recalled that those who were writing about the West at the time included such men as Bret Harte, Emerson Hough, Alfred Henry Lewis, Owen Wister, Fredric Remington, and Theodore Roosevelt. Russell wrote about the things that he knew and many of his stories are autobiographical. His yarns were told in the same vernacular he used all his life and, like CMR's paintings were packed with humor, were true to life, authentic and of gem-like quality.

Russell's personal letters to his friends are yet another form of his genius. They are as delightful as his stories, particularly since most of them were illustrated with charming little water colors. Perhaps more than anything else, these letters reveal the



real "Man Behind the Brush," his close friendships, and his opinions on a great variety of subjects—from temperance workers to badmen, from the "sod-buster who turned the country grass-side down" to the "damned" Chamber of Commerce boosters. Many of these letters express a feeling of nostalgia as well as anger for the days when both the country and its people were cast of bolder clay. They show a penetrating knowledge of nature, human and otherwise, that reveals much of the man's deep philosophy and splendid outlook on life.

#### *Good Medicine*

After his death in 1926, Mrs. Russell wrote to many of the people who had been Charley's friends over the years. She soon borrowed nearly two hundred such letters. These were assembled and published in book form as *Good Medicine*, a title they richly deserve.

Another example of Russell's story-telling ability is expressed in the pungent titles he gave to his paintings—*SMOKE OF A 45*, *WHEN SHADOWS HINT DEATH*, *BRONC TO BREAKFAST*, *WHEN MULES WEAR DIAMONDS*, *CALL OF THE LAW*, *WHERE TRACKS SPELL MEAT*, to mention but a few. Almost every title stimulates the imagination and tells a story in itself.

What is the reason for the great, and still growing, attraction of Charley Russell's paintings? One aspect that undoubtedly appeals to many men is the elemental violence and action he depicted so successfully. Whether it was the clash of two Indian war parties or a blazing gun fight on the street of a frontier town, the observer can almost hear the thud of bodies coming together, or smell the acrid powder smoke. No other artist could touch his skill as a painter of authentic action. Yet some of his finest art is quiet, nostalgic and pastoral.

<sup>11</sup> Mrs. Russell's will provided that all of the original moulds for Russell's bronzes were to be destroyed at her death with the result that there would be no further castings of genuine Russell bronzes. She did not foresee, however, that many of the caricatures and other small figures that Charley had modeled for his own and his friends' amusement would be cast by a subsequent purchaser. Known to the trade as "Britzman Bronzes," there is no limit now to the number of some of these that have or can be cast. For information on authentic bronzes see *Charles M. Russell, The Cowboy Artist: A Bibliography* (1948) Britzman and Lonnie Hull, 1950.





Any man who has ever walked the grassy reaches of Montana's Judith Basin will thrill at this accurate portrayal of Kootenai's from West of the Rockies, trespassing for buffalo IN THE ENEMY COUNTRY.

To the real Westerner, there is a vast satisfaction in the always "rightness" of Russell's paintings. He can appreciate their unimpeachable authenticity, knowing that all important details are accurate. The quill or bead decorations on the clothes of his Indians, for example — whether they were Piegans, Crows, Assiniboine, Crees, or Blackfeet — were designs he had actually seen, knew or remembered. The story is told of an expert on the Plains Indians who once visited an art gallery in New York City where some of Russell's paintings were on display. Observing that the Indians in one of the paintings were Blackfeet, the gentleman smugly called Russell's attention to a seeming mistake, for one of the Indian men was wearing moccasins with a bead-work design characteristic of the Crow tribe! Russell grunted, then said laconically, "of course, he had a Crow wife." Other artists might paint an Indian buffalo hunt with the arrows planted behind the front shoulder of the animal where a modern hunter would aim his high-powered rifle. Not Russell. He knew that the Indians aimed for the paunch where there was little chance for the arrow to be deflected by the buffalo's ribs, and he painted them that way. He simply knew and understood The Old West, completely and passionately!

Russell was a magnificent story-teller both with the brush and pen. Perhaps many people who have seen his work may not realize that one of the intriguing facets of his paintings is that invariably, they don't tell quite all the story. The imagination is stimulated by wondering what came next.

Did the hunter get his mountain sheep after it had dropped to the inaccessible ledge in MEAT'S NOT MEAT 'TIL IT'S IN THE PAN? What happened to the two rustlers when the sheriff got the drop on them at daylight in CALL OF THE LAW? Each painting is a chapter, rather than a page, in the stories told by his art. Some of his writing, too, was cryptic and abstract.

I suspect that one of the great appeals of Charles Marion Russell's work is that it arouses our Americanism. Russell's paintings were pure America. The scenes in many of his canvasses were of a stirring and highly romantic period of our history — the exploration and development of the West — with its almost unbelievably rich heritage.

And finally, of course, behind this Rangeland Rembrandt's canvases was the remarkable man himself. C. M. R. wasn't "just another artist". As Will Rogers expressed it in his foreword to *Good Medicine*, "he wasn't 'just another' anything. In nothing he ever did was he 'just another' He could paint you a picture and send you a letter with it and you would value the letter more than you would the picture. He was a great Humorist. He loved Nature, — everything he painted, God had made. If he had devoted the same time to writing that he had to his brush he would have left a tremendous impression in that line. He not only left us great living pictures of what our West was, but he left us an example of how to live in friendship with all mankind. A real Downright, Honest to God, Human Being." That was C. M. R.



# Lost in the Wilderness, or THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF PERIL

By Truman C. Everts

This is perhaps the most dramatic single event on record for Yellowstone Park. It has been selected partly for this reason, partly for the historical import on the famous Washburn-Doane Expedition of 1870. But above all, it is a fascinating piece of western literature—one of the most compelling survivor's accounts ever written. Everts first related it in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of November 1871. Because of its documentary impact, Mr. Everts and his friends had it republished more than a quarter century later, in the CONTRIBUTIONS of the Historical Society of Montana (Vol. V, 1904). This account, verbatim from the CONTRIBUTIONS, is called back from obscurity because few living westerners are aware of its priceless existence.

By way of introduction, it should be pointed out that Truman C. Everts was an Easterner and not an experienced woodsman. He was one of a select group of Federal government appointees who came to the Territory in the early days, serving after 1864, in executive capacity in the Internal Revenue department. All other members of the Washburn-Doane expedition were much younger—mostly in their twenties and thirties—whereas Everts was 54; and most of them had had frontier experience. Enroute to Yellowstone he became ill, so his double disadvantages of age and health were noticeable handicaps. Yet despite the loss of his horse, blankets, knives, gun, pistol, fishing tackle and matches on the second day; and the hazards of early snow and much adverse weather; plus the constant threat of danger from wild animals and Indians, he showed tremendous fortitude and ingenuity throughout thirty-seven days of terrifying peril.

**THE LOST MAN.—\$600 REWARD OFFERED.**—A party consisting of two men, George A. Pritchett and John Baronet, was organized and outfitted in this city, yesterday, and left this morning for the Yellowstone country, to search for the Hon. T. C. Everts, who was lost in the mountains on the 9th ult. Messrs Pritchett and Baronet will proceed to the Crow Agency, procure the services of two or three Indians, follow up the trail of the Expedition to the lake, where Mr. Everts was lost, then commence their search. These men are both familiar with that country, having visited it last Summer, a year ago, are well supplied with provisions, blankets, arms, ammunition and everything necessary for such a trip. They also have with them a map of the Yellowstone Lake and adjacent country, drawn by Col. S. T. Hauser. Messrs. Pritchett and Baronet propose to remain until the deep snows of Winter drives them back, unless they shall have succeeded in finding the lost man before that time.

Judge Lawrence, of this city, has offered a reward of \$600 for the recovery of the lost man.

A DESIRE to visit the remarkable region, of which, during several years' residence in Montana, I had often heard the most marvelous accounts, led me to unite in the [Washburn-Doane] expedition of August [1870]. The general character of the stupendous scenery of the Rocky Mountains prepared my mind for giving credit to all the strange stories told of the Yellowstone, and I felt quite as certain of the existence of the physical phenomena of that country, on the morning that our company started from Helena, as when I afterwards beheld it. I engaged in the enterprise with enthusiasm, feeling that all the hardships and exposures of a month's horseback travel through an unexplored region would be more than compensation by the grandeur and novelty of the natural objects with which it was crowded. Of course, the idea of being lost in it, without any of the ordinary means of subsistence, and the wandering for days and weeks, in a famishing condition, alone, in an unfrequented wilderness, formed no part of my contemplation. I had dwelt too long amid the mountains not to know that such a thought, had it occurred, would have been instantly rejected as improbable; nevertheless, "man proposes and God disposes," a truism which found a new and ample illustration in my wanderings through the Upper Yellowstone region.



This was Helena, Montana Territory, in famed Last Chance Gulch, about three years after the Washburn-Doane Expedition departed from there.



The signature and the man who survived 37 terrible days.

*Truman C. Everts*

## SEEKING THE YELLOWSTONE

Although the expedition to Yellowstone in 1870 is now usually known as Washburn-Doane, it could just as well—perhaps more properly—be called Langford-Hauser. These two dynamic men, Nathaniel Pitt Langford and Samuel Thomas Hauser were the principal promoters of the vital exploration. Langford became the first Superintendent of the Park, in 1872. Hauser, able banker and entrepreneur, later (1885-86) served as Montana Territorial Governor. Another key member was Judge Cornelius Hedges, who proposed the creation of Yellowstone as the first National Park. The pioneer merchants, W. C. Gillette and Ben Stickney were also useful members, as was Truman C. Everts. Lt. G. C. Doane was assigned to the party by General H. D. Washburn, Surveyor General of Montana Territory. Both served brilliantly along with a twelve-man military detachment, after the expedition left Fort Ellis on August 22. Three days later they passed Devil's Slide and Cinnibar Mountain and camped at the mouth of the Gardiner River where it flows into the Yellowstone near the present northern boundary of the Park. They followed the canyon of the Yellowstone and by the 28th, General Washburn, climbing the mountain later named for him, was able to see the vast panorama of the Park's interior including Yellowstone Lake. On September 2, moving constantly south, they encountered the first mud volcano and on the 3rd reached the lake. The next six days were in and around the large lake and it was here that Mr. Everts strayed away on September 9. The expedition lost much time searching for him, but to no avail, and Everts was presumed dead when N. P. Langford arrived in Helena on September 25, ahead of the main party to report on the colorful exploration, and what he believed was the tragic loss of a prominent member of the party.

On the day that I found myself separated from the company [Sept. 9, 1870], and for several days previous, our course had been impeded by the dense growth of the pine forest, and occasional large tracts of fallen timber, frequently rendering our progress almost impossible. Whenever we came to one of these immense windfalls, each man engaged in the pursuit of a passage through it, and it was while thus employed, and with the idea that I had found one, that I strayed out of sight and hearing of my comrades. We had a toilsome day. It was quite late in the afternoon. As separations like this had frequently occurred, it gave me no alarm, and I rode on, fully confident of soon rejoining the company, or of finding their camp. I came up with the pack-horse, which Mr. Langford afterwards recovered, and tried to drive him along, but failing to do so, and my eyesight being defective, I spurred forward, intending to return with assistance from the party. This incident tended to accelerate my speed. I rode on in the direction which I supposed had been taken, until darkness overtook me in the dense forest. This was disagreeable enough, but caused me no alarm. I had no doubt of being with the party at breakfast the next morning. I selected a spot for comfortable repose, picketed my horse, built a fire, and went to sleep.

The next morning I rose at early dawn, saddled and mounted my horse, and took my course in the supposed direction of the camp. Our ride of the previous day had been up a peninsula jutting into the [Heart] lake, for the shore of which I started, with the expectation of finding my friends camped on the beach. The forest was quite dark, and the trees so thick, that it was only by a slow process I could get through them at all. In searching for the trail I became somewhat confused. The falling foliage of the pines had obliterated every trace of travel. I was obliged frequently to dismount, and examine the ground for the faintest indications. Coming to an opening, from which I could see several vistas, I dismounted for the purpose of selecting one leading in the direction I had chosen, and leaving my horse unhitched, as had always been my custom, walked a few rods into the forest. While surveying the ground my horse took fright, and I turned around in time to see him disappearing at full speed among the trees. That was the last I ever saw of him. It was yet quite dark. My blankets, gun, pistols, fishing-tackle, matches—everything, except the clothing on my person, a couple of knives, and a small opera-glass were attached to the saddle.

An early drawing depicting the start of the expedition from the Prickly Pear Valley just north of Helena.







I did not realize the possibility of a permanent separation from the company. Instead of following up the pursuit of their camp, I engaged in an effort to recover my horse. Half a day's search convinced me of its impracticability. I wrote and posted in an open space several notices, which, if my friends should chance to see, would inform them of my condition and the route I had taken, and then struck out into the forest in the supposed direction of their camp. As the day wore on without any discovery, alarm took the place of anxiety at the prospect of another night alone in the wilderness, and this time without food or fire. But even this dismal foreboding was cheered by the hope that I should soon rejoin my companions, who would laugh at my adventure, and incorporate it as a thrilling episode into the journal of our trip. The bright side of a misfortune, as I found by experience, even under the worst possible circumstances, always presents some features of encouragement.



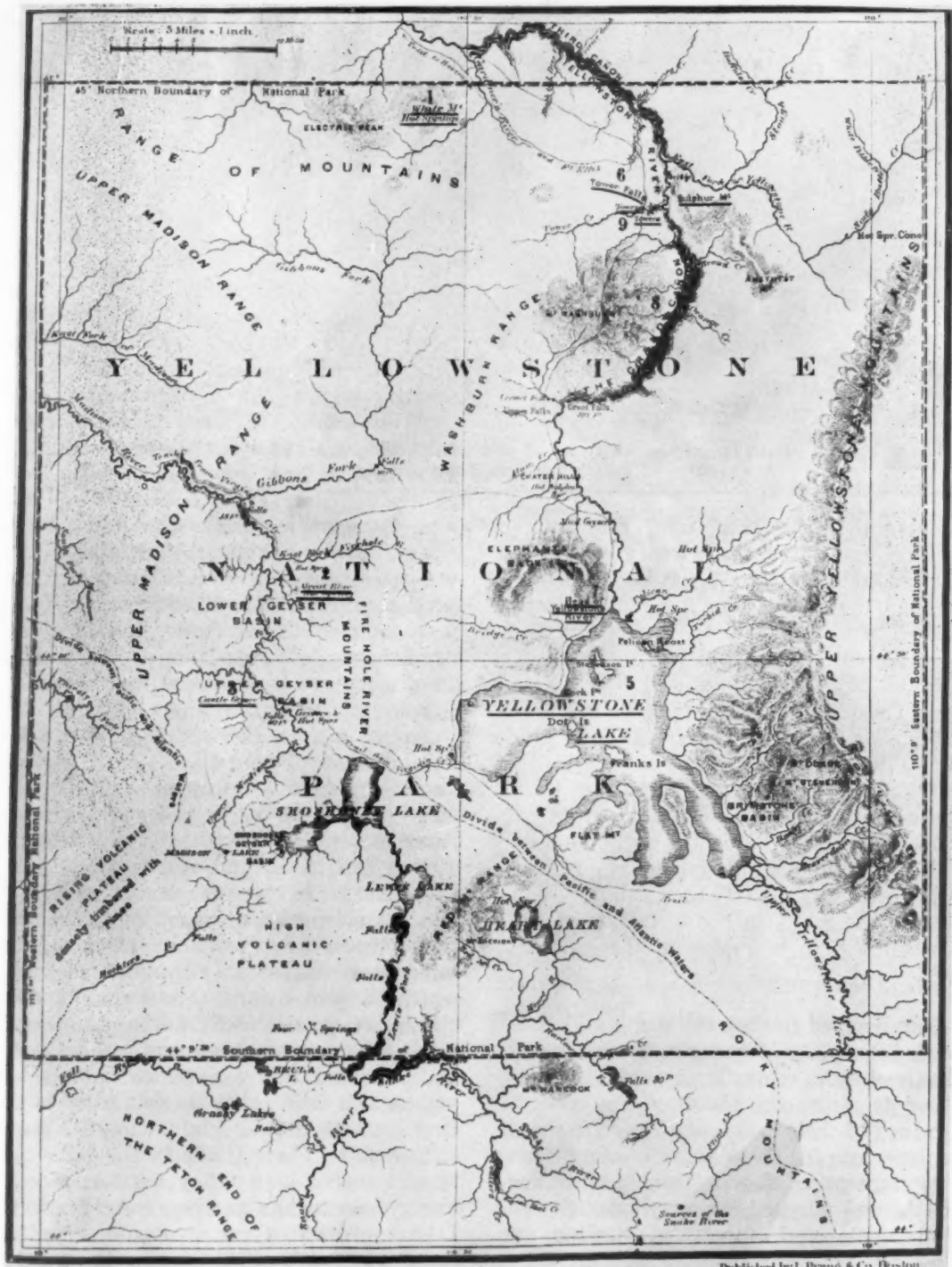
When I began to realize that my condition was one of actual peril, I banished from my mind all fear of an unfavorable result. Seating myself on a log, I recalled every foot of the way I had traveled since the separation from my friends, and the most probable opinion I could form of their whereabouts was, that they had, by a course but little different from mine, passed by the spot where I had posted the notices, learned of my disaster, and were waiting for me to rejoin them there, or searching for me in that vicinity. A night must be spent amid the prostrate trunks before my return could be accomplished. At no time during my period of exile did I experience so much mental sufferings from the cravings of hunger as when, exhausted with this long day of fruitless search, I resigned myself to a couch of pine foliage in the pitchy darkness of a thicket of small trees. Naturally timid in the night, I fully realized the exposure of my condition. I peered upward through the darkness, but all was blackness and gloom. The wind sighed mournfully through the pines. The forest seemed alive with the screeching of night birds, the angry barking of coyotes, and the prolonged, dismal howl of the gray wolf. These sounds, familiar by their constant occurrence throughout the journey, were now full of terror, and drove slumber from my eyelids. Above all this, however, was the hope that I should be restored to my comrades the next day.

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Two unidentified members of the expedition packing a mule, in one of the very few actual photographs of the Washburn-Doane Party.



Although it will always be conjectural, Everts apparently wandered away in the timber thickets south of Yellowstone Lake and near the drainage divide south toward Heart Lake. Fortunately he eventually headed north again, more or less retracing the route of the Washburn-Deane expedition into the Park area. Had he travelled South the possibility of rescue would have been completely hopeless. This early map is helpful for at least speculating as to his terrifying wanderings during the 37 days of peril.



A rare early Prang map of Yellowstone National Park, quite accurate and very useful.



Thomas Moran's illustration of the wilderness of this unexplored country in which Everts wondered, is seen in this remarkable painting.

Early the next morning I rose unrefreshed, and pursued my weary way over the prostrate trunks. It was noon when I reached the spot where my notices were posted. No one had been there. My disappointment was almost overwhelming. For the first time, I realized that I was lost. Then came a crushing sense of destitution. No food, no fire; no means to procure either; alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest human abode, surrounded by wild beasts, and famishing with hunger. It was no time for despondency. A moment afterwards I felt how calamity can elevate the mind, in the formation of the resolution "not to perish in that wilderness."

The hope of finding the party still controlled my plans. I thought, by traversing the peninsula centrally, I would be enabled to strike the shore of the lake in advance of their camp, and near the point of departure for the Madison. Acting upon this impression, I rose from a sleepless couch, and pursued my way through the timber-entangled forest. A feeling of weakness took the place of hunger. Conscious of the need of food, I felt no crav-

ings. Occasionally, while scrambling over logs and through thickets, a sense of faintness and exhaustion would come over me, but I would suppress it with the audible expression, "This won't do; I *must* find my company." Despondency would sometimes strive with resolution for the mastery of my thoughts. I would think of home—of my daughter—and of the possible chance of starvation, or death in some more terrible form; but as often as these gloomy forebodings came, I would strive to banish them with reflections better adapted to my immediate necessities. I recollect at this time discussing the question, whether there was not implanted by Providence in every man a principle of self-preservation equal to any emergency which did not destroy his reason. I decided this question affirmatively a thousands times afterwards in my wanderings, and I record this experience here, that any person who reads it, should he ever find himself in like circumstances, may not despair. There is life in the thought. It will revive hope, allay hunger, renew energy, encourage perseverance, and, as I have proved in my own case, bring a man out of difficulty, when nothing else can avail.

Left, this reproduction of a rare Thomas Moran chromo illustrates very graphically the wilderness north of Tower Falls, through which Everts probably wandered in his desperate struggle for survival.

It was mid-day when I emerged from the forest into an open space at the foot of the peninsula. A broad lake of beautiful curvature, with magnificent surroundings, lay before me, glittering in the sunbeams. It was full twelve miles in circumference. A wide belt of sand formed the margin which I was approaching, directly opposite to which, rising seemingly from the very depths of the water, towered the loftiest peak of a range of mountains apparently interminable. The ascending vapor from innumerable hot springs, and the sparkling jet of a single geyser, added the feature of novelty to one of the grandest landscapes I ever beheld. Nor was the life of the scene less noticeable than its other attractions. Large flocks of swans and other water-fowl were sporting on the quiet surface of the lake; otters in great numbers performed the most amusing aquatic evolutions; mink and beaver swam around unscared, in the most grotesque confusion. Deer, elk, and mountain sheep stared at me, manifesting more surprise than fear at my presence among them. The adjacent forest was vocal with the songs of birds, chief of which were the chattering notes of a species of mockingbird, whose imitative efforts afforded abundant merriment. Seen under favorable circumstances, this assemblage of grandeur, beauty, and novelty would have been transporting; but, jaded with travel, famishing with hunger, and distressed with anxiety, I was in no humor for ecstasy. My tastes were subdued and chastened by the perils which environed me. I longed for food, friends and protection. Associated with my thoughts, however, was the wish that some of my friends of peculiar tastes could enjoy this display of secluded magnificence, now, probably, for the first time beheld by mortal eyes.

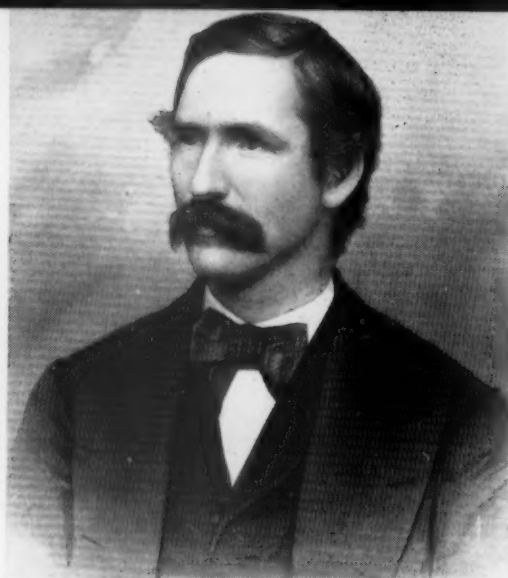
The lake [probably Lewis] was at least one thousand feet lower than the highest point of the peninsula, and several hundred feet below the level of Yellowstone Lake. I recognized the mountain which overshadowed it as the landmark which

a few days before, had received from Gen. Washburn the name of Mount Everts; and as it is associated with some of the most agreeable and terrible incidents of my exile, I feel that I have more than a mere discoverer's right to the perpetuity of that christening. The lake is fed by unnumberable small streams from the mountains, and the countless hot spring surrounding it. A large river [Lewis] flows from it, through a canon a thousand feet in height, in a southeasterly direction, to a distant range of mountains, which I conjectured to be Snake River; and with the belief that I had discovered the source of the great southern tributary of the Columbia, I gave it the name of Bessie Lake, after the "Sole daughter of my house and heart."

During the first two days, the fear of meeting with Indians gave me considerable anxiety, but, when conscious of being lost, there was nothing I so much desired as to fall in with a lodge of Bannacks or Crows. Having nothing to tempt their cupidity, they would do me no personal harm, and, with the promise of reward, would probably minister to my wants and aid my deliverance. Imagine my delight, while gazing upon the animated expense of water, at seeing sail out from a distant point a large canoe containing a single oarsman. With hurried steps I paced the beach to meet it, all my energies stimulated by the assurance it gave me of food, safety and restoration to friends. As I drew near to it it turned towards the shore, and oh! bitter disappointment. The object which my eager fancy had transformed into an angel of relief stalked from the water, an enormous pelican, flapped its dragon-wings, as if in mockery of my sorrow, and flew to a solitary point farther up the lake.

This little incident quite unmanned me. The transition from joy to grief brought with it a terrible consciousness of the horrors of my condition. But night was fast approaching, and darkness would come with it. While looking for a spot where I might repose in safety, my attention was attracted to a small green plant of so lively a hue as to form a striking contrast with deep pine foliage. For closer





Left, above is Benjamin Stickney and right, Cornelius Hedges, two distinguished members of the famed expedition of 1870. Stickney, because of his frontier merchandising experience was in charge of the party's commissary. Hedges, who proposed creation of the Park, came to Bannack in 1864, engaged in mining and law, later was Territorial U. S. Dist. Attorney; Supt of Schools and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1884, a brilliant and able man.

examination I pulled it up by the root, which was long and tapering, not unlike a radish. It was a thistle. I tasted it; it was palatable and nutritious. My appetite craved it, and the first meal in four days was made on thistle-roots. Eureka! I had found food. No optical illusion deceived me this time; I could subsist until I rejoined my companions. Glorious counterpoise to the wretchedness of the preceding half-hour!

Overjoyed at this discovery, with hunger allayed, I stretched myself under a tree, upon the foliage which had partially filled a space between contiguous trunks, and fell asleep. How long I slept I know not; but suddenly I was roused by a loud, shrill scream, like that of a human being in distress, poured, seemingly, into the very portals of my ear. There was no mistaking that fearful voice. I had been deceived by and answered it a dozen times while threading the forest, with the belief that it was a friendly signal. It was the screech of a mountain lion, so alarmingly near as to cause every nerve to thrill with terror. To yell in return, seize with convulsive grasp the limbs of the friendly tree, and swing myself into it, was the work of a moment. Scrambling hurriedly from limb to limb I was soon as near the

top as safety would permit. The savage beast was shuffling and growling below apparently on the very spot I had just abandoned. I answered every growl with a responsive scream. Terrified at the delay and pawing of the beast, I increased my voice to its utmost volume, broke branches from the limbs, and, in the impotency of fright, madly hurled them at the spot whence the continued howlings proceeded.

Failing to alarm the animal, which now began to make a circuit of the tree, as if to select a spot for springing into it, I shook, with a strength increased by terror, the slender trunk until every limb rustled with the motion. All in vain. The terrible creature pursued his walk around the tree, lashing the ground with his tail, and prolonging his howlings almost to a roar. It was too dark to see, but the movements of the lion kept me apprised of its position. Whenever I heard it on one side of the tree I speedily changed to the opposite—an exercise which, in my weakened state, I could only have performed under the impulse of terror. I would alternately sweat and thrill with horror at the thought of being torn to pieces and devoured by this formidable monster. All my attempts to frighten it seemed unavailing. Disheartened at its persistency, and expecting





Left, Warren C. Gillette, who came to the Territory on a Missouri river steamer in 1862 and was a pioneer merchant at Bannack, Virginia City and Helena during their respective gold rushes. Right, C. W. Cook of the Folsom-Cook Expedition of 1869, which provided valuable data for the 1870 expedition, saving not only time and wasted effort, but possibly human lives.

every moment it would take the deadly leap, I tried to collect my thoughts, and prepare for the fatal encounter which I knew must result. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I would try silence. Claspings the trunk of the tree with both arms, I sat perfectly still. The lion, at this time ranging around, occasionally snuffing and pausing, and all the while filling the forest with the echo of his howlings, suddenly imitated my example. This silence was more terrible, if possible, than the clatter and crash of his movements through the brushwood, for now I did not know from what direction to expect his attack. Moments passed with me like hours. After a lapse of time which I cannot estimate, the beast gave a spring into the thicket and ran screaming into the forest. My deliverance was effected.

Had strength permitted, I should have retained my perch till daylight, but with the consciousness of escape from the jaws of the ferocious brute came a sense of overpowering weakness which almost palsied me, and made my descent from the tree both difficult and dangerous. Incredible as it may seem, I lay down in my old bed, and was soon lost in a slumber so profound that I did not awake until after daylight. The experience of the night seemed like a terrible dream; but the broken limbs

which in the agony of consternation I had thrown from the tree, and the rifts made in fallen foliage by my visitant in his circumambulations, were too convincing evidences of its reality. I could not dwell upon my exposure and escape without shuddering, and reflecting that probably like perils would often occur under less fortunate circumstances, and with a more fatal issue. I wondered what fate was in reserve for me—whether I should ultimately sink from exhaustion and perish of starvation, or become the prey of some of the ferocious animals that roamed these vast fastnesses. My thoughts then turned to the loved ones at home. They could never know my fate, and would indulge a thousand conjectures concerning it, not the least distressing of which would be that I had been captured by a band of hostile Sioux, and tortured to death at the stake.

I was roused from this train of reflections by a marked change in the atmosphere. One of those dreary storms of mingled snow and rain, common to these high altitudes, set in. My clothing, which had been much torn, exposed my person to its "pitiless peltings." An easterly wind, rising to a gale, admonished me that it would be furious and of long duration.



Typical of the sizeable wilderness area surrounding huge Yellowstone Lake, near where Everts was lost, and around which he wandered for some time, is this contemporary photo of Steamboat Point.

None of the discouragements I had met with dissipated the hope of rejoining my friends; but foreseeing the delay, now unavoidable, I knew that my escape from the wilderness must be accomplished, if at all, by my own unaided exertions. This thought was terribly afflicting, and brought before me, in vivid array, all the dreadful realities of my condition. I could see no ray of hope. In this condition of mind I could find no better shelter than the spreading branches of a spruce tree, under which, covered with earth and boughs, I lay during the two succeeding days; the storm, meanwhile, raging with unabated violence. While thus exposed, and suffering from cold and hunger, a little benumbed bird, not larger than a snow-bird, hopped within my reach. I instantly seized and killed it, and, plucking its feathers, ate it raw. It was a delicious meal for a half-starved man.

Taking advantage of a lull in the elements, on the morning of the third day I rose early and started in the direction of a large group of hot springs which were steaming under the shadow of Mount Everts. The distance I traveled could not have been less than ten miles. Long before I reached the wonderful cluster of natural caldrons, the storm had recommenced. Chilled through, with my clothing thoroughly saturated, I lay down under a tree upon the heated incrustation until completely warmed. My heels and

the sides of my feet were frozen. As soon as warmth had permeated my system, and I had quieted my appetite with a few thistle-roots, I took a survey of my surroundings, and selected a spot between two springs sufficiently asunder to afford heat at my head and feet. On this spot I built a bower of pine branches, spread its incrustated surface with fallen foliage and small boughs, and stowed myself away to await the close of the storm. Thistles were abundant, and I had fed upon them long enough to realize that they would, for a while at least, sustain life. In convenient proximity to my abode was a small, round, boiling spring, which I called my dinner-pot, in which, from time to time, I cooked my roots.

This establishment, the best I could improvise with the means at hand, I occupied seven days—the first three of which were darkened by one of the most furious storms I ever saw. The vapor which supplied me with warmth saturated my clothing with its condensations. I was enveloped in a perpetual steam-bath. At first this was barely preferable to the storm, but I soon became accustomed to it, and before I left, though thoroughly parboiled, actually enjoyed it.

I had little else to do during my imprisonment but cook, think, and sleep. Of the variety and strangeness of my reflections it is impossible to give the faintest conception. Much of my time was given

to devising means for escape. I recollected to have read, at the time of their publication, the narratives of Lieutenant Strain and Doctor Kane, and derived courage and hope from the reflection that they struggled with and survived perils not unlike those which environed me. The chilling thought would then occur, that they were not alone. They had companions in suffering and sympathy. Each could bear his share of the burden of misery which it fell to my lot to bear alone, and make it lighter from the encouragement of mutual counsel and aid in a cause of common suffering. Selfish as the thought may seem, there was nothing I so much desired as a companion in misfortune. How greatly it would alleviate my distress! What a relief it would be to compare my wretchedness with that of a brother sufferer, and with him devise expedients for every exigency as it occurred! I confess to the weakness, if it be one, of having squandered much pity upon myself during the time I had little else to do.

Nothing gave me more concern than the want of fire. I recalled everything I had ever read or heard of the means by which fire could be produced; but none of them were within my reach. An escape without it was simply impossible. It was indispensable as a protection against night attacks from wild beasts. Exposure to another storm like the one just over would destroy my life, as this one would have done, but for the warm derived from the springs. As I lay in my bower anxiously awaiting the disappearance of the snow, which had fallen to the depth of a foot or more, and impressed with the belief that for want of fire I should be obliged to remain among the springs, it occurred to me that I would erect some sort of monument, which might, at some future day, inform a casual visitor of the circumstances under which I had perished. A gleam of sunshine lit up the bosom of the lake, and with it the thought flashed upon my mind that I could, with a lens from my opera-glasses, get fire from Heaven. Oh happy, life-renewing thought! Instantly subjecting it to the test of experiment, when I saw the smoke curl from the bit of dry wood in my fingers, I felt, if the

whole world were offered me for it, I would cast it all aside before parting with that little spark. I was now the happy possessor of food and fire. These would carry me through. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Though the food was barely adequate to my necessities—a fact too painfully attested by my attenuated body—I had forgotten the cravings of hunger, and had the means of producing fire. I said to myself, "I will not despair."

My stay at the springs was prolonged several days by an accident that befell me on the third night after my arrival there. An unlucky movement while asleep broke the crust on which I reposed, and the hot steam, pouring upon my hip, scalded it severely before I could escape. This new affliction, added to my frost-bitten feet, already festering, was the cause of frequent delays and unceasing pain through all my wanderings. After obtaining fire, I set to work making preparations for as early departure as my condition would permit. I had lost both knives since parting from the company, but I now made a convenient substitute by sharpening the tongue of a buckle which I cut from my vest. With this I cut the legs and counters from my boots, making of them a passable pair of slippers, which I fastened to my feet as firmly as I could with strips of bark. With the ravelings of a linen handkerchief, aided by the magic buckle-tongue, I mended my clothing. Of the same material I made a fish-line, which, on finding a piece of red tape in one of my pockets better suited to the purpose, I abandoned as a "bad job." I made a pin that I found in my coat a fish-hook, and, by sewing up the bottoms of my bootlegs, constructed a good pair of pouches to carry my food in, fastening them to my belt by the straps.

Thus accoutered, on the morning of the eighth day after my arrival at the springs I bade them a final farewell, and started on my course directly across that portion of the neck of the peninsula between me and the southeast arm of Yellowstone Lake. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone bright and warm, and there was a freshness in the atmosphere truly exhilarating. As I wandered musingly along,





Had most of Everts furtive wandering been in such country as this around Soda Springs, in Northern Yellowstone, his experiences might not have been quite so harrowing—but he was mostly in timber mountain and thermal country. An early L. A. Huffman photo.

the consciousness of being alone, and of having surrendered all hope of finding my friends, returned upon me with crushing power. I felt, too, that those friends, by the necessities of their condition, had been compelled to abandon all efforts for my recovery. The thought was full of bitterness and sorrow. I tried to realize what their conjectures were concerning my disappearance; but could derive no consolation from the long and dismal train of circumstances they suggested. Weakened by a long fast, and the unsatisfying nature of the only food I could procure, I know that from this time onward to the day of my rescue, my mind, though unimpaired in those perceptions needful to self-preservation, was in a condition to receive impressions akin to insanity. I was constantly traveling in dream-land, and indulging in strange reveries such as I had never before known. I seemed to possess a sort of duality of being, which, while constantly reminding me of the necessities of my condition, fed my imagination with vagaries of the most extravagant character. Nevertheless, I was perfectly conscious of the tendency of these morbid influences, and often tried to shake them off, but they would ever return with increased force, and I finally reasoned myself into the belief that their indulgence, as it afforded me pleasure, could work no harm while it did not interfere with my plans for deliverance. Thus I lived in a world of ideal

happiness, and in a world of positive suffering at the same time.

A change in the wind and an overcast sky, accompanied by cold, brought with them a need of warmth. I drew out my lens and touchwood, but alas! there was no sun. I sat down on a log to await his friendly appearance. Hours passed; he did not come. Night, cold, freezing night, set in, and found me exposed to all its terrors. A bleak hill-side sparsely covered with pines afforded poor accommodations for a half-clad, famished man. I could only keep from freezing by the most active exertion in walking, rubbing, and striking my benumbed feet and hands against the logs. It seemed the longest, most terrible night of my life, and glad was I when the approaching dawn enabled me to commence retracing my steps to Bessie Lake. I arrived there at noon, built my first fire on the beach, and remained by it, recuperating, for the succeeding two days.

The faint hope that my friends might be delayed by their search for me until I could rejoin them now foresook me altogether. I made my arrangements independent of it. Either of three directions I might take would effect my escape, if life and strength held out. I drew upon the sand of the beach a map of these several courses with reference to my starting-point from the lake, and considered well the difficulties each would present. All were sufficiently defined to avoid mistake.





S. T. Hauser, friend of Everts and one of the dynamic forces behind and during the 1870 expedition, from a study done in New York, shortly after the expedition.

One was to follow Snake River a distance of one hundred miles or more to Eagle Rock bridge; another, to cross the country between the southern shore of Yellowstone Lake and the Madison Mountains, by scaling which I could easily reach the settlements in the Madison valley; and the other, to retrace my journey over the long and discouraging route by which I had entered the country. Of these routes the last-mentioned seemed the least inviting, probably because I had so recently traversed it, and was familiar with its difficulties. I had heard and read so much concerning the desolation and elemental upheavals and violent waters of the upper valley of the Snake, that I dared not attempt to return in that direction. The route by the Madison Range, encumbered by the single obstruction of the mountain barrier, was much the shortest, and so, most unwisely as will hereafter appear, I adopted it.

Filling my pouches with thistle-roots, I took a parting survey of the little solitude that afforded me food and fire the preceding ten days, and with something of that melancholy feeling experienced by one who leaves his home to grapple with untried adventures, started for the nearest point on Yellowstone Lake. All that day I traveled over timber-heaps, amid tree-tops, and through thickets. At noon I took the precaution to obtain fire. With a brand which I kept alive by frequent blowing, and constant waving to and fro, at a late hour in the afternoon, faint and exhausted, I kindled a fire for the night on the only vacant spot I could find amid a dense wil-

derness of pines. The deep gloom of the forest, in the spectral light which revealed on all sides of me a compact and unending growth of trunks, and an impervious canopy of somber foliage; the shrieking of night-birds; the supernaturally human scream of the mountain lion; the prolonged howl of the wolf, made me insensible to all other forms of suffering.

The burn on my hip was so inflamed that I could only sleep in a sitting posture. Seated with my back against a tree, the smoke from the fire almost enveloping me in its suffocating folds, I vainly tried, amid the din and uproar of this horrible serenade, to woo the drowsy god. My imagination was instinct with terror. At one moment it seemed as if, in the density of a thicket, I could see the blazing eyes of a formidable forest monster fixed upon me, preparatory to a deadly leap; at another I fancied that I heard the swift approach of a pack of yelping wolves through the distant brushwood, which in a few minutes would tear me limb from limb. Whenever, by fatigue and weakness, my terror yielded to drowsiness, the least noise roused me to a sense of the hideousness of my condition. Once, in a fitful slumber, I fell forward into the fire, and inflicted a wretched burn on my hand. Oh! with what agony I longed for day!

A bright and glorious morning succeeded the dismal night, and brought with it the conviction that I had been the victim of uncontrollable nervous excitement. I resolved henceforth to banish it altogether; and, in much better spirits than I anticipated, resumed my journey towards the lake. Another day of unceasing toil among the tree-tops and thickets overtook me, near sunset, standing upon a lofty headland jutting into the lake, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the mountains and valley over an immense area. In front of me, at a distance of fifty miles away, in the clear blue of the horizon, rose the arrowy peaks of the three Tetons. On the right, and apparently in



When the expedition left Fort Ellis with military escort, heading into the uncharted wilderness of Yellowstone, they saw these mountains which separate the Madison and Gallatin river drainage. 1868 Matthew's print.

close proximity to the eminence I occupied, rolled the picturesque range of the Madison, scarred with clefts, ravines, gorges and canons, each of which glittered in the sunlight or deepened in shadow as the fitful rays of the descending luminary glanced along their varied rocky irregularities. Above where I stood were the lofty domes of Mounts Langford and Doane, marking the limits of that wonderful barrier which had so long defied human power in its efforts to subdue it. Rising seemingly from the promontory which favored my vision was the familiar summit of Mount Everts, at the base of which I had dwelt so long, and which still seemed to hold me within its friendly shadow. All the vast country within this grand enclosure of mountains and lake, scarred and seamed with the grotesque ridges, rocky escarpments, undulating hillocks, and miniature lakes, and steaming with hot springs, produced by the volcanic forces of a former era, lay spread out before me like a vast panorama.

I doubt if distress and suffering can ever entirely obliterate all sense of natural grandeur and magnificence. Lost in the wonder and admiration inspired by this vast world of beauties, I nearly forgot to improve the few moments of remaining sunshine to obtain fire. With a lighted brand in my hand, I effected a most difficult and arduous descent of the abrupt and stony headland to the beach of the lake. The sand was soft and yielding. I kindled a fire, and removing the stiffened slippers from my feet, attached them to

my belt and wandered barefoot along the sandy shore to gather wood for the night. The dry warm sand was most grateful to my lacerated and festering feet, and for a long time after my wood-pile was supplied, I sat with them uncovered. At length, conscious of the need of every possible protection from the freezing night atmosphere, I sought my belt for the slippers, and one was missing. In gathering the wood it had become detached, and was lost. Darkness was closing over the landscape, when, sorely disheartened with the thought of passing the night with one foot exposed to freezing temperature, I commenced a search for the missing slipper. I knew I could not travel a day without it. Fearful that it had dropped into the lake, and been carried by some recurrent wave beyond recovery, my search for an hour among fallen trees and bushes, up the hill-side and along the beach, in darkness and with flaming brands, at one moment crawling on hands and feet into a brush-head, another peering among logs and bushes and stones, was filled with anxiety and dismay. Success at length rewarded my perseverance, and no language can describe the joy with which I drew the cause of so much distress from beneath the limb that, as I passed, had torn it from my belt. With a feeling of great relief, I now sat down in the sand, my back to a log, and listened to the dash and roar of the waves. It was a wild lullaby, but had no terrors for a worn-out man. I never passed a night of more refreshing sleep. When I awoke my fire was extinguished

save a few embers, which I soon fanned into a cheerful flame. I ate breakfast with some relish, and started along the beach in pursuit of a camp, believing that if successful I should find directions what to do, and food to sustain me. The search which I was making lay in the direction of my pre-arranged route to the Madison Mountains, which I intended to approach at their lowest point of altitude.

Buoyed by the hope of finding food and counsel, and another night of undisturbed repose in the sand, I resumed my journey along the shore, and at noon found the camp last occupied by my friends on the lake. A thorough search for food in the ground and trees revealed nothing, and no notice to apprise me of their movements could be seen. A dinnerfork, which afterwards proved to be of infinite service in digging roots, and a yeast-powder can, which would hold half a pint, and which I converted into a drinking-cup and dinner-pot, were the only evidences that the spot had ever been visited by civilized man. "Oh!" thought I, "why did they forget to leave me food?" it never occurring to me that they might have cached it, as I have since learned they did, in several spots nearer the place of my separation from them. I left the camp in deep dejection, with the purpose of following the trail of the party to the Madison. Carefully inspecting the faint traces left of their course of travel, I became satisfied that from some cause they had made a retrograde movement from this camp, and departed from the lake at a point further down stream. Taking this as an indication that there were obstructions above, I commenced retracing my steps along the beach. An hour of sunshine in the afternoon enabled me to procure fire, which, in the usual manner, I carried to my camping-place. There I built a fire, and to protect myself from the wind, which was blowing violently, lashing the lake into foam, I made a bower of pine boughs, crept under it, and very soon fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by the snapping and cracking of the burning foliage, to find my shelter and the adjacent forest in a broad sheet of

flame. My left hand was badly burned, and my hair singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it, while making my escape from the semi-circle of burning trees. Among the disasters of this fire, there was none I felt more seriously than the loss of my buckle-tongue knife, my pin fish-hook, and tape fish-line.

The grandeur of the burning forest surpasses description. An immense sheet of flame, following to their tops the lofty trees of an almost impenetrable pine forest, leaping madly from top to top, and sending thousands of forked tongues a hundred feet or more athwart the mid-night darkness, lighting up with lurid gloom and glare the surrounding scenery of lake and mountains, fills the beholder with mingled feelings of awe and astonishment. I never before saw anything so terribly beautiful. It was marvelous to witness the flash-like rapidity with which the flames would mount the loftiest trees. The roaring, cracking, crashing, and snapping of falling limbs and burning foliage was deafening. On, on, on traveled the destructive element, until it seemed as if the whole forest was enveloped in flame. Afar up the wood-crowned hill, the overtopping trees shot forth pinnacles and walls and streamers of arrowy fire. The entire hill-side was an ocean of glowing and surging fiery billows. Favored by the gale, the conflagration spread with lightning swiftness over an illimitable extent of country, filling the atmosphere with driving clouds of suffocating fume, and leaving a broad and blackened trail of spectral trunks shorn of limbs and foliage, smoking and burning, to mark the immense sweep of its devastation.

Resolved to search for a trail no longer, when daylight came I selected for a landmark the lowest notch in the Madison Range. Carefully surveying the jagged and broken surface over which I must travel to reach it, left the lake and pushed into the midst of its intricacies. All the day, until nearly sunset, I struggled over rugged hills, through windfalls, thickets, and matted forests, with the rock-ribbed beacon constantly in view. As I advanced it receded, as if in mockery



of my toil. Night overtook me with my journey half accomplished. The precaution of obtaining fire gave me warmth and sleep, and long before daylight I was on my way. The hope of finding an easy pass into the valley of the Madison inspired me with fresh courage and determination, but long before I arrived at the base of the range, I scanned hopelessly its insurmountable difficulties. It presented to my eager vision an endless succession of inaccessible peaks and precipices, rising thousands of feet sheer and bare above the plain. No friendly gorge or gully or canon invited such an effort as I could make to scale this rocky barrier. Oh, for the faith that could remove mountains! How soon should this colossal fabric open at my approach! What a feeling of helpless despair came over me with the conviction that the journey of the last two days had been in vain! I seated myself on a rock, upon the summit of a commanding hill, and cast my eyes along the only route which now seemed tenable—down the Yellowstone. How many dreary miles of forest and mountain filled the terrible panorama! I thought that before accepting this discouraging alternative I would spend a day in search for a pass. Twenty miles at most would take me into the Madison Valley, and thirty more restore me to friends who had abundance. Supposing that I should find plenty of thistles, I had left the lake with a small supply, and that was entirely spent. I looked in vain for them where I then was.

While I was thus considering whether to remain and search for a passage or return to the Yellowstone, I experienced one of those strange hallucinations which many of my friends have misnamed insanity, but which to me was Providence. An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always cherished peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner seemed to be standing before me charged with advice which would relieve my perplexity. I seemed to hear him say, as if in a voice and with the manner of authority:

"Go back immediately, as rapidly as your strength will permit. There is no



Midway through his terrible experience, Everts not only dreamed fancifully of food and warmth, but of his family and friends whom he despaired of seeing again. This is his daughter, Bessie, for whom he named the lake.

food here, and the idea of scaling these rocks is madness."

"Doctor," I rejoined, "the distance is too great. I cannot live to travel it."

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start low, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

"Doctor, I am rejoiced to meet you in this hour of distress, but doubt the wisdom of your counsel. I am within seventy miles of Virginia. Just over these rocks, a few miles away, I shall find friends. My shoes are nearly worn out, my clothes are in tatters, and my strength is almost overcome. As a last trial, it seems to me I can but attempt to scale this mountain or perish in the effort, if God so wills."

"Don't think of it. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in Heaven. Help yourself and God will help you."

Overcome by these and other persuasions, and delighted with the idea of having a traveling companion, I plodded my way over the route I had come, intending at a certain point to change it so as to strike the river at the foot of the lake. Stopping after a few miles of travel, I had no difficulty in procuring fire, and passed a comfortable night. When I resumed my



journey the next day the sun was just rising. Whenever I was disposed, as was often the case, to question the wisdom of the change of routes, my old friend appeared to be near with words of encouragement, but his reticence on other subjects both surprised and annoyed me. I was impressed at times, during the entire journey with the belief that my return was a fatal error, and if my deliverance had failed should have perished with that conviction. Early this day I deflected from my old route and took my course for the foot of the lake, with the hope, by constant travel, to reach it the next day. The distance was greater than I anticipated. Nothing is more deceptive than distance in these high altitudes. At the close of each of the two succeeding days, my point of destination was seemingly as far from me as at the moment I took leave of the Madison Range, and when, cold and hungry, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I gathered the first food I had eaten in nearly five days, and lay down by my fire near the debouchure of the river, I had nearly abandoned all hope of escape.

At daybreak I was on the trail down the river. The thought I had adopted from the first, "I will not perish in this wilderness," often revived my sinking spirits, when, from faintness and exhaustion, I felt but little desire for life. Once, while struggling through a field of tangled trunks which seem interminable, at one of the pauses I found myself seriously considering whether it was not preferable to die there than renew the effort to proceed. I felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution. A seeming whisper in the air, "While there is life there is hope; take courage," broke the delusion, and I clambered on. I did not forget to improve the mid-day sun to procure fire. Sparks from the lighted brands had burned my hands and crisped the nails of my fingers, and the smoke from them had tanned my face to the complexion of an Indian. While passing through an opening in the forest I found the tip of a gull's wing; it was fresh. I made a fire upon the spot, mashed the bones with a stone, and consigning



After his 1869 exploration, David Folsom did much to inform Gen. Washburn about the park region, and this was passed on to Langford, who in turn inspired others. Folsom came into the territory in 1862 and later was a gubernatorial candidate.

them to my camp kettle, the yeast-powder box, made half a pint of delicious broth. The remainder of that day and the night ensuing were given to sleep.

I lost all sense of time. Days and nights came and went, and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that I was gradually starving. I felt no hunger, did not eat to appease appetite, but to renew strength. I experienced but little pain. The gaping sores on my feet, the severe burn on my hip, the festering crevices at the joints of my fingers, all terrible in appearance, had ceased to give me the least concern. The roots which supplied my food had suspended the digestive power of the stomach, and their fibres were packed in it a matted, compact mass.

Not so with my hours of slumber. They were visited by the most luxurious dreams. I would apparently visit the most gorgeously decorated restaurants of New York and Washington; sit down to immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands; partake of the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies; engage myself in the labor and preparation of curious dishes, and with them fill range upon range of elegantly furnished tables until they fairly groaned beneath the accumulated dainties prepared by own hands. Frequently the entire night would seem to have been spent in getting up a sumptu-



The year following the expedition and the rescue of Everts, Lt. Gustavus C. Doane posed with fellow officers. (left to right) Lt. Grugan, Capt. Thompson, Lt. Wright, Doane and Capt. Forsyth, at Ft. Ellis.

ous dinner. I would realize the fatigue of roasting, boiling, baking, and fabricating the choicest dishes known to the modern cuisine, and in my disturbed slumbers would enjoy with epicurean relish the food thus furnished even to repletion. Alas! there was more luxury than life in these somnolent vagaries.

It was a cold, gloomy day when I arrived in the vicinity of the falls. The sky was overcast and the snow-capped peaks rose chilly and bleak through the biting atmosphere. The moaning of the wind through the pines, mingling with the sullen roar of the falls, was strangely in unison with my own saddened feelings. I hadn't heart to gaze upon a scene which a few weeks before had inspired me with rapture and awe. One moment of sunshine was of more value to me than all the marvels amid which I was famishing. But the sun had hid his face and denied me all hope of obtaining fire. The only alternative was to seek shelter in a thicket. I penetrated the forest a long distance before finding one that suited me. Breaking and crowding my way into its very midst, I cleared a spot large enough to recline upon, interlaced the surrounding brushwood, gathered the fallen foliage into a bed, and lay down with a prayer for sleep and forgetfulness. Alas! neither came. The coldness increased through the night. Constant friction with my hands and unceas-

ing beating with my legs and feet saved me from freezing. It was the most terrible night of my journey, and when, with the early dawn, I pulled myself into a standing posture, it was to realize that my right arm was partially paralyzed, and my limbs so stiffened with cold as to be almost immovable. Fearing lest paralysis should suddenly seize the entire system, I literally dragged myself through the forest to the river. Seated near the verge of the great canon below the falls, I anxiously awaited the appearance of the sun. That great luminary never looked so beautiful as when, a few moments afterwards, he emerged from the clouds and exposed his glowing beams to the concentrated powers of my lens. I kindled a mighty flame, fed it with every dry stick and broken tree-top I could find, and without motion, and almost without sense, remained beside it several hours. The great falls of the Yellowstone were roaring within three hundred yards, and the awful canon yawned almost at my feet; but they had lost all charm for me. In fact, I regarded them as enemies which had lured me to destruction, and felt a sullen satisfaction in morbid indifference.

My old friend and adviser, whose presence I had felt more than seen the last few days, now forsook me altogether. But I was not alone. By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many traveling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him, their present effect and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days, and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fretful

Again, one of Moran's splendid chromos provides a graphic example of the wild and terrifying region through which Everts stumbled and fought his way.

humors through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, too, with right good will, doing many things for their comfort, which, had I felt alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves; would do nothing for me or for each other. I often wondered, while they ate and slept so much that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their own inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall as I write an instance where by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside, swarming with minnows. I caught some with my hands and ate them raw. To my taste they were delicious. But the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use. Those that I ate made me very sick. Poisoned by the mineral in the water, had I glutted my appetite with them as I intended, I should doubtless have died in the wilderness, in excruciating torment.

A gradual mental introversion grew upon me as physical weakness increased. The grand and massive scenery which, on the upward journey, had aroused every enthusiastic impulse of my nature, was now tame and spiritless. My thoughts were turned in upon myself—upon the dreadful fate which apparently lay just before me—and the possible happiness of the existence beyond. All doubt of immortality fled in the light of present realities. So vivid were my conceptions of the future that at times I longed for death, not less as the beginning of happiness than



as a release from misery. Led on by these reflections, I would recall the varied incidents of my journey—my escape from the lion, from fire, my return from Madison Range—and in all of them I saw how much I had been indebted to that mysterious protection which comes only from the throne of the Eternal. And yet, starving, foot-sore, half blind, worn to a skeleton, was it surprising that I lacked the faith needed to buoy me above the dark waters of despair, which I now felt were closing around me?

In less serious moods, as I struggled along, my thoughts would revert to the single being on whom my holiest affections centered—my daughter. What a tie was that to bind me to life! Oh! could I be restored to her for a single hour, long enough for parting counsel and blessing, it would be joy unspeakable! Long hours of painful travel were relieved of physical suffering by this absorbing agony of the mind which, when from my present standpoint I contrast it with the personal calamities of my exile, swells into mountains.

To return from this digression. At many of the streams on my route I spent hours in endeavoring to catch trout, with a hook fashioned from the rim of my broken spectacles, but in no instance with success. The tackle was defective. The country was full of game in great variety. I saw large herds of deer, elk, antelope, occasionally a bear, and many smaller animals. Numerous flocks of ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans inhabited the lakes and rivers. But with no means of killing them, their presence was a perpetual aggravation. At all the camps of our company I stopped and recalled many pleasant incidents associated with them.





The massive canvas of Yellowstone Canyon and Falls, painted by Moran about 1874, is now owned by the Gilcrease Foundation at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Except for human habitation, this region even today, would be terrifying for a man without food or shelter.

One afternoon, when approaching "Tower Falls," I came upon a large hollow tree, which, from the numerous tracks surrounding it, and the matted foliage in the cavity, I recognized as the den of a bear. It was a most inviting couch. Gathering a needful supply of wood and brush, I lighted a circle of piles around the tree, crawled into the nest, and passed a night of unbroken slumber. I rose the next morning to find that during the night the fire had communicated with the adjacent forest, and burned a large space in all directions, doubtless intimidating the rightful proprietor of the nest, and saving me from another midnight adventure.

At "Tower Falls" I spent the first half of a day in capturing a grasshopper, and the remainder in a fruitless effort to catch a mess of trout. In the agony of disappointment, I resolved to fish no more. A spirit of rebellion seized me. I determined that thistles should thenceforth be my only sustenance. "Why is it," I asked myself, "that in the midst of abundance, every hour meeting with objects which would restore strength and vigor and energy, every moment contriving some device to procure the nourishment my wast-

ing frame requires, I should meet with these repeated and discouraging failures?" Thoughts of the early teaching of a pious mother suppressed these feelings. Oh! how often have the recollections of a loved New England home, and the memories of a happy childhood, cheered my sinking spirits, and dissipated the gathering gloom of despair! There were thoughts and feelings and mental anguishes without number, that visited me during my period of trial, that never can be known to any but my God and myself. Bitter as was my experience, it was not unrelieved by some of the most precious moments I have ever known.

Soon after leaving "Tower Falls," I entered the open country. Pine forests and windfalls were changed for sage brush and desolation, with occasional tracts of stunted verdure, barren hillsides, exhibiting here and there an isolated clump of dwarf trees, and ravines filled with the debris of adjacent mountains. My first camp on this part of the route, for the convenience of getting wood, was made near the summit of a range of towering foot-hills. Towards morning a storm of wind and snow nearly extinguished my fire. I became very cold; the storm was



still raging when I arose, and the ground white with snow. I was perfectly bewildered and had lost my course of travel. No visible object, seen through the almost blinding storm, reassured me, and there was no alternative but to find the river and take my direction from its current. Fortunately after a few hours of stumbling and scrambling among rocks and over crests, I came to the precipitous side of the canyon through which it ran, and with much labor, both of hands and feet, descended it to the margin. I drank copiously of its pure waters, and sat beside it for a long time, waiting for the storm to abate, so that I could procure fire. The day wore on, without any prospect of a termination to the storm. Chilled through, my tattered clothing saturated, I saw before me a night of horrors unless I returned to my fire. The scramble up the side of the rocky canyon in many places nearly perpendicular, was the hardest work of my journey. Often while clinging to the jutting rocks with hand and feet, to reach a shelving projection, my grasp would unclose and I would slide many feet down the sharp declivity. It was night when, sore from the bruises I had received, I reached my fire; the storm still raging, had nearly extinguished it. I found a few embers in the ashes, and with much difficulty kindled a flame. Here on this bleak mountain side, as well as I now remember, I must have passed two night beside the fire in the storm. Many times during each night I crawled to a little clump of trees to gather wood, and brush, and the broken limbs of fallen tree-tops. All the sleep I obtained was snatched from the intervals which divided these labors. It was so harassed with frightful dreams as to afford little rest. I remember, before I left this camp, stripping up my sleeves to look at my shrunken arms. Flesh and blood had apparently left them. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. "Yet," thought I, "it is death to remain; I cannot perish in this wilderness."

Taking counsel of this early formed resolution, I hobbled on my course through

the snow, which was rapidly disappearing before the rays of the warming sun. Well knowing that I should find no thistles in the open country, I had filled my pouches with them before leaving the forest. My supply was running low, and there was several days of heavy mountain travel between me and Boteler's ranch. With the most careful economy, it could last but two or three days longer. I saw the necessity of placing myself and imaginary companions upon allowance. The conflict which ensued with the stomach, when I announced this resolution, required great firmness to carry through. I tried wheedling and coaxing and promising; failing in these, I threatened to part company with a comrade so unreasonable, and he made no further complaint.

Two or three days before I was found, while ascending a steep hill, I fell from exhaustion into a sage brush, without the power to rise. Unbuckling my belt, as was my custom, I soon fell asleep. I have no idea of the time I slept, but upon awakening I fastened my belt, scrambled to my feet, and pursued my journey. As night drew on I selected a camping-place, gathered wood into a heap, and felt for my lens to procure fire. It was gone. If the earth had yawned to swallow me I would not have been more terrified.

The only chance for life was lost. The last hope had fled. I seemed to feel the grim messenger who had been long pursuing me knocking at the portals of my heart as I lay down by the side of the wood pile and covered myself with limbs and sage brush, with the dreadful conviction that my struggle of life was over, and I should rise no more. The flood gates of misery seemed now to be opened, and it rushed in living tide upon my soul. With the rapidity of lightning, I ran over every event of my life. Thoughts doubled and trebled upon me, until I saw, as if in vision, the entire past of my existence. It was all before me, as if painted with a sunbeam, and all seemingly faded like the phantoms of a vivid dream.

As calmness returned, reason resumed her empire. Fortunately the weather was comfortable. I summoned all the powers

of my memory, thought over every foot of the day's travel, and concluded that the glass must have become detached from my belt while sleeping. Five long miles over the hills must be retraced to regain it. There was no alternative, and before daylight I had staggered over half the distance. I found the lens on the spot where I had slept. No incident of my journey brought with it more of joy and relief.

Returning to the camp of the previous night, I lighted the pile I had prepared, and lay down for a night of rest. It was very cold, and towards morning commenced snowing. With difficulty I kept the fire alive. Sleep was impossible. When daylight came, I was impressed with the idea that I must go on despite the storm. A flash—momentary but vivid—came over me, that I should be saved. Snatching a lighted brand, I started through the storm. In the afternoon the storm abated and the sun shone at intervals. Coming to a small clump of trees, I set to work to prepare a camp. I laid the brand down which I had preserved with so much care, to pick up a few dry sticks with which to feed it, until I could collect wood for a camp-fire and in the few minutes thus employed it expired. I sought to revive it, but every spark was gone. Clouds obscured the sun, now near the horizon, and the prospect of another night of exposure without fire became fearfully imminent. I sat down with my lens and the last remaining piece of touchwood I possessed to catch a gleam of sunshine, feeling that my life depended upon it. In a few minutes the cloud passed, and with trembling hands I presented the little disk to the face of the glowing luminary. Quivering with excitement lest a sudden cloud should interpose, a moment passed before I could hold the lens steadily enough to concentrate a burning focus. At length it came. The little thread of smoke curled gracefully upwards from the Heaven-lighted spark, which, a few moments afterwards, diffused with warmth and comfort my desolate lodgings.

I resumed my journey the next morning, with the belief that I should make no more fires with my lens. I must save a brand, or perish. The day was raw and

gusty; an east wind, charged with storm, penetrated my nerves with irritating keenness. After walking a few miles the storm came on, and a coldness unlike any other I had ever felt seized me. It entered all my bones. I attempted to build a fire, but could not make it burn. Seizing a brand, I stumbled blindly on, stopping within the shadow of every rock and clump to renew energy for a final conflict for life. A solemn conviction that death was near, that at each pause I made my limbs would refuse further service, and that I should sink helpless and dying in my path, overwhelmed me with terror. Amid all this tumult of the mind, I felt that I had done all that man could do. I knew that in two or three days more I could effect my deliverance, and I derived no little satisfaction from the thought that, as I now was in the broad trail, my remains would be found, and my friends relieved of doubt as to my fate. Once only the thought flashed across my mind that I should be saved, and I seemed to hear a whispered command to "Struggle on." Groping along the side of a hill, I became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel. Looking up, through half-closed eyes, two rough, but kindly faces met my gaze.

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes, all that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

"God bless him and them and you! I am saved!" and with these words, powerless of a further effort, I fell into the arms of my preservers, in a state of unconsciousness. I was saved. On the very brink of the river which divides the known from the unknown, strong arms snatched me from the final plunge, and kind ministrations wooed me back to life.

Baronet [sic] and Prichette, my two preservers, by the usual appliances, soon restored me to consciousness, made a camp upon the spot, and while one went to Fort Ellis, a distance of seventy miles, to return with remedies to restore digestion and an ambulance to convey me to that post, the

MONTANA, the magazine of western history



Miscalled Burnette, in the article right, from the Helena Daily Herald of Oct. 21, 1870, this is the man who probably saved Everts' life—Jack Baronette, expert woodsman and frontiersman.

other sat by my side, and with all the care, sympathy, and solicitude of a brother, ministered to my frequent necessities. In two days I was sufficiently recovered in strength to be moved twenty miles down the trail to the cabin of some miners who were prospecting in that vicinity. From these men I received every possible attention which their humane and generous natures could devise. A good bed was provided, game was killed to make broth, and the best stores of their larder placed at my command. For four days, at a time when every day's labor was invaluable in their pursuit, they abandoned their work to aid in my restoration. Owing to the protracted inaction of the system, and the long period which must transpire before Pritchette's return with remedies, my friends had serious doubts of my recovery.

The night after my arrival at the cabin, while suffering the most excruciating agony, and thinking that I had only been saved to die among friends, a loud knock was heard at the cabin door. An old man in mountain costume entered—a hunter, whose life was spent among the mountains. He was on his way to find a brother. He listened to the story of my sufferings, and tears rapidly coursed each other down his rough, weather-beaten face. But when

#### THE LONG-LOST FOUND.

**Men. T. C. Everts, of the Yellowstone Expedition, who was lost on the 8th of September. Discovered near the mouth of Bear Gulch.**

**He was in a Famishing Condition and Unable to Move.**

**His Recovery Probable.**

At last the lost man is found. After suffering untold hardships and privations for thirty-nine days; with no other food but one snow-bird and two little fish, this man has existed during all that time in the mountains and wilderness of the Yellowstone country. For seven days the expedition scoured the country over for the missing member, but in vain. Not satisfied with this, one of the party, Mr. Gillette, with two cavalymen, remained behind to prosecute the search still further, but their efforts proved equally abortive. All hopes for the recovery of Mr. Everts were therefore abandoned. It was resolved, however, to make one more final effort, and to the praise of Judge Lawrence, more than other citizen be it said, an expedition was organized about two weeks ago, composed of Geo. A. Pritchett and Jack Burnette, two experienced trappers and old mountaineers, who were familiar with that almost unexplored region. This party was reinforced by two Indians from the Crow Agency, and started out in search of the long-lost man. After a few days hard travel Mr. Everts was found near the mouth of Bear Gulch, in such a famished condition that he was unable to move, or scarcely speak. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Fort Ellis for a physician, and although, very low and feeble, it was believed with good care and proper nourishment he would survive. The discovery of Mr. Everts, after such a lapse of time, and under the extraordinary circumstances with which he was surrounded, is simply miraculous. We give below a letter from Mr. Pritchett which brings the glad tidings. Also a brief extract from Mr. Langhorne's letter to Messrs. Parthen & Paynter:

he was told of my present necessity, brightening in a moment, he exclaimed:

"Why, Lord bless you, if that is all, I have the very remedy you need. In two hours' time all shall be well with you."

He left the cabin, returning in a moment with a sack filled with the fat of a



**Helena Daily Herald.**  
**D. W. FINK, Publisher and Proprietor.**  
**R. E. FINK, Editor.**  
**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1870.**



**The Pioneer Daily of Montana.**  
**The best Advertising Medium in the New Northwest.**

**THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.**

We have heretofore referred to the extraordinary interest manifested throughout the country to receive full and authentic information of that wonderful and awe-inspiring section of the Rocky Mountain region embraced within the borders of Montana, and located on the head-waters of the Yellowstone river. We have spared neither pains nor expense in giving to the world descriptions of the great water falls, spouting geysers, mineral and boiling springs, sulphur mountains, and volcanoes, and other great natural curiosities that numerously abound in the Yellowstone country. To this end we have availed ourself of the services of Gen. Washburn, commanding the late expedition; as also aids from Hon. N. P. Langford and Judge Hedges, members of the party; who, together, have written for these columns their several accounts, each happily blending with the other, and all

size and power those of Iceland. One of the number, according to Mr. Washburn, throws mud three hundred feet high, and another spouts only at intervals, becoming perfectly still, and anon throwing up a volume of boiling rubbish to a great altitude. We have said that this record reads like a fairy tale, and readers will by this time agree with us. Its official character, however, may be added to the evidence of that simplicity of style already commended as earnest of the trustworthiness of the narrative. Rarely do descriptions of nature come to our hands so unaffectedly expressed, and yet so gilded with true romance.

**THE FINDING OF HON. T. C. EVERTS.  
 His Wanderings, Hardships and Sufferings.  
 Full and Reliable Particulars.**

To the Editor of the Herald

BOZEMAN, October 24th, 1870.

I had intended, before receiving your letter, to send you a communication in regard to the finding of Mr. Everts, and had previously prepared one, but the information I was enabled to obtain was based only upon hearsay. I determined, therefore, to wait for reliable news, and to-day I am enabled to give you the full particulars as I have them from Mr. Jack Barnett, the man who found him. I shall endeavor to quote his language as near as possible.

Barnett does not remember the exact day of finding Mr. Everts, but says he was traveling on the side of a tall mountain, and descried an object on the opposite side of another mountain, walking along and occasionally stooping down behind rocks, evidently seeking shelter from the wind, as it had been snowing and was bitterly cold. The mountain was rough and covered with large

from where he was lost. But he has been removed, and we all rejoice. Beyond a doubt he is sufficiently convalescent to assure his ultimate recovery. This is as near a truthful and reliable account as I can obtain. It is a happy climax to the hitherto seemingly unfortunate denouement attending upon the otherwise magnificent results of the Yellowstone expedition. No shadow now rests over their explorations. The lost is found, and the fatted calf should be killed.

SAMUEL W. LANGFORD.

P. S.—I failed to mention in the body of my letter the locality where Mr. Everts was found. It was near the mouth of Bear Gulch, a few miles above, and about half a mile from, the trail, and near the top of a lofty mountain.

S. W. L.

**TELEGRAMS.**

(SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE HERALD BY THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.)

**AFTERNOON REPORT.**

**The Latest from the Seat of War.**

**The Empress and her Efforts to Elevate the Prince Imperial to the Throne.**

The front page of the **HELENA DAILY HERALD** for Oct. 26, 1870 not only dwelt at great length upon the wonderful results of the Washburn-Doane party, but it carried the first detailed report of the finding of Everts, in a dispatch sent from Bozeman two days earlier.

bear which he had killed a few hours before. From this he rendered out a pint measure of oil. I drank the whole of it. It proved to be the needed remedy, and the next day, freed from pain, with appetite and digestion re-established, I felt that good food and plenty of it were only necessary for an early recovery.

In a day or two I took leave of my kind friends, with a feeling of regret at parting, and gratitude for their kindness as enduring as life. Meeting the carriage on my way, I proceeded to Bozeman, where I remained among old friends, who gave me every attention until my health was sufficiently restored to allow me to return to my home in Helena.

My heartfelt thanks are due to the members of the Expedition, all of whom devoted seven, and some of them twelve days to the search for me before they left Yellowstone Lake; and to Judge Lawrence, of Helena, and the friends who cooperated with him in the offer of reward which

sent Baronet and Prichette to my rescue.

My narrative is finished. In the course of events the time is not far distant when the wonders of the Yellowstone will be made accessible to all lovers of sublimity, grandeur, and novelty in natural scenery, and its majestic waters become the abode of civilization and refinement; and when that arrives, I hope, in happier mood and under more auspicious circumstances, to revisit scenes fraught for me with such thrilling interest; to ramble along the glowing beach of Bessie Lake; to sit down amid the hot springs under the shade of Mount Everts; to thread unscarred the mazy forests, retrace the dreary journey to the Madison Range, and with enraptured fancy gaze upon the mingled glories and terrors of the great falls and marvelous canon, and to enjoy, in happy contrast with the trials they recall, their power to delight, elevate, and overwhelm the mind with wondrous and majestic beauty.

MONTANA, the magazine of western history



# Reader's

# Remuda



## *A Roundup of the new western books*

*Edited by Robert G. Athearn*

**JOHN WESLEY HARDIN: TEXAS GUNMAN**, by Lewis Nordyke, William Morrow & Co., New York, 1957, 278 pp. \$4.00  
*Reviewed by Ramon F. Adams*

Like so many of our Texas outlaws, John Wesley Hardin's life of killing was more or less forced upon him by the carpet-bagger rule after the Civil War. Hot-blooded Southerners simply could not accept the impudence of the newly freed Negroes who formed the police force of the Davis' regime.

My father knew John Wesley Hardin as a boy and used to tell me tales about him. I was born in the same town near which he killed Old Mace, the victim who started him upon his violent career. These early impressions may have influenced me to become a collector of books on our Western outlaws, and a serious student of their lives.

It has been one of my regrets that so many books about these desperadoes have given so much emphasis to the wild legends created about them and overlooked the actual history of their lives.

Therefore, it was a pleasant surprise when I read Mr. Nordyke's book and found that here at last was a book about the outlaw which stuck closely to the truth. Books about Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, the Jameses, the Daltons, and others have been

filled with untruths. Hardin was different from many of the other outlaws of note. He was no cattle thief like Billy the Kid, no train robber like the Jameses, no bank robber like the Daltons, and no killer with the law behind him like Hickok.

Yet he killed more men than any of them. Even to an unbiased observer it would appear that most of his killings would seem justified in the preservation of his own life. Hardin had the distinction of being the object of an unceasing hunt by the Texas carpet-bag government, of being a part of the greatest feud in this state, and of finally serving the greatest number of years in the penitentiary of his fellow gunmen. After his release his days were numbered and he seemed destined to receive a coward's bullet fired from behind.

Throughout the story runs the skein of an enduring but tragic love. Also Mr. Nordyke has told us more about Hardin's ancestry, and more about his own children than any previous book. Due to the flood of false history about the outlaws, when one of these rare, truthful books such as Mr. Nordyke's comes along, lovers of true history are grateful. Of the many shelves of outlaw books in my collection, a small niche is reserved for those without myths and legends, and this book will now rest in this small, but honored place.



The able depiction "Medicine Man" painted by Charles M. Russell in 1916.

IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN WEST, by Earl Pomeroy, 233 pages, illustrations, footnotes, index. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1957. \$5.00

Reviewed by Robert E. Riegel,  
Dartmouth College

The West has been a happy hunting ground for tourists, who over the years have ranged from hard-bitten explorers through sybaritic enjoyers of the gilt, plush, and be-draped early Pullmans, to the latest dude ranch patron, who may do his hunting by airplane. Professor Pomeroy's story is concerned mainly with the period from the opening of the first transcontinental railroad in 1869 to the present, but he makes excursions into the more remote past. His book is small in the number of pages, but large in the research which has been distilled to fill these pages, and has copious footnotes to help the future researcher. Possibly more important for most readers, Pomeroy has chosen his material wisely, and has presented it vividly, with frequent well-turned phrases which often bring chuckles, and with flashes of insight that illuminate the entire story. Particularly notable is his excellent use of many quotations, which are integral and interesting parts of the text.

Recounting the main themes of the book would be too much like telling the end of a detective story, and thereby blunting the

interest of other readers, but maybe one exception is permissible. The changing attitude of the tourists is rather fascinating. During the late nineteenth century, when travel costs were high, the traveler was particularly appreciative of efforts to reproduce the luxury of the East and of Europe, and was satisfied to take only cursory glances at western scenery. Pomeroy talks particularly of the "New England hotel for elderly Cinderellas in flight from Eastern winters" (p. 27), and of the planned and directed tour, which is described as "exclusiveness on a large scale" (p. 14). Then attitudes changed as the West became more accessible and as the historic past became more remote. Such Western characters as Indians, Spanish, cowboys and miners came to be enveloped in a romantic haze. In time there arrived the automobile, which permitted a rapid checking of a mental list of "sights" at fifty miles an hour, and which brought assurance that a stop at any time would produce comfortable beds, good food, and indoor plumbing. Then came the male tourists in cowboy hats and boots, and the female tourists in "buckskin jackets and skirts such as only a fancy woman in her cups would have been willing to be seen in, dead or alive, three quarters of a century ago" (p. 179), staring pop-eyed at synthetic cowboys, at "western" saloons with plastic tables and neon lights, and at the marvelous circus stunts of the cross-road rodeo.

The Pomeroy book naturally calls to mind a similar publication (*Westward the Briton*) by the editor of this column. Both are lively and illuminating narratives, based on sound scholarship. The Athern book is somewhat more concerned with reaction to people and institutions, while the Pomeroy book treats largely the reactions to things. Presumably Pomeroy in his work collected many comments on people and institutions, and one hopes that some day he will give us the benefit of this additional information. In that event this reviewer for one will rush to the bookstore with the liveliest expectations of pleasure.



X. BEIDLER, *VIGILANTE*, Helen Fitzgerald Sanders (Ed.), in collaboration with William H. Bertsche, Jr. Foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1957. xvii, 165 pp. illustrations, \$2.00.

Reviewed by Merrill G. Burlingame,  
Montana State College

This small volume containing the recollections of X. Beidler is an important contribution to the story of early Montana and the Frontier West. A. B. Guthrie points out that "few men are at once so well known and so little known as one X. Beidler." He was involved in many of the episodes in the building of Montana Territory, notably that the Vigilantes, with which this account is largely concerned. The reminiscences by "X" are supplemented by a long article on George Ives by Wilbur F. Sanders, and by brief accounts from other first-hand observers. These several parts are fitted together to make a relatively smooth narrative.

Recollections dictated after a good many years are dangerous, and this publication will no doubt set off a new wave of investigation of the Vigilantes of Montana. A comparison and cumulative study of the several accounts which have appeared, even though

Left, CMR's letter to James Gabriel in 1910. Below, "Holding up the Stagecoach," painted in 1894.

all of them are fragmentary, will now have value. Some will wish that these editors had undertaken at least a part of that task.

This book has the value of added detail, another point of view, and some excellent terse characterizations of the personnel involved. The diminutive "X" tells a straightforward, but modest story of his exploits and hardships which have caused him to become a legendary figure in Montana. The editors have done well in allowing the simply told narrative to speak for itself. It has the freshness which a first-hand account should have. We still don't know enough about "X," however.

Montana readers will welcome another contribution from Helen Fitzgerald Sanders to whom they are already deeply indebted. They will also be appreciative of the contribution of William Bertsche who has assisted in making the manuscript available and whose continued interest in Montana history will do much to enrich the cultural growth of the State.



GUNS ON THE EARLY FRONTIERS: A HISTORY OF FIREARMS FROM COLONIAL TIMES THROUGH THE YEARS OF THE WESTERN FUR TRADE. By Carl P.

Russell. University of California Press: Berkley, 1957. 395 pp. \$8.50

Reviewed by Francis Paul Prucha, S. J.  
St. Mary's College, Kansas

The firearms of traders, soldiers, and Indians played an important part in the development of the American West. *Guns on the Early Frontiers* tells the history of these guns. Although the author's avowed



aim is to treat of the first half of the nineteenth century and to emphasize the traders and mountain men, his account often transcends these bounds, as when he discusses the seventeenth century trade of arms to the Indians or carries the story into the second half of the last century. And the traders are by no means always in the forefront, for large sections of the book are devoted to the small arms and cannon used by the military troops on the frontier.

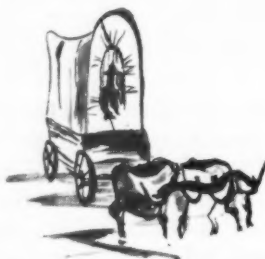
In fact, the book has so many facets that it is hard to mention them all in a short review. First of all the book is a handbook and descriptive catalog of the various muskets, rifles, pistols, and small cannon which found their way from European and American manufacturers to the frontier. This is one of the most valuable and fascinating elements of the book. The categories of guns are clearly defined; the history of each arm and the means of identifying it are briefly but adequately set forth. The numerous pen-and-ink sketches which accompany the text are models of clarity and completeness and add greatly to the value and interest of the book. Worthwhile too are the sections on powder, ball, and accessories, the glossary of gun terms, and the finding list of museums and collections in which samples of the guns are to be found. The treatment, moreover, of all these facts and details is in a good sense "popular," and the uninitiated need not be frightened away. A few hours with this book and the amateur will begin to feel like a professional firearms collector.

The catalog of guns does not stand by itself. It is woven into a general historical narrative, which attempts to explain how all these varieties of weapons fitted into the western movement. This historical element of the book, nevertheless, is secondary (the chapters are divided according to types of arms, not chronological periods), and the author here is less successful and less sure of himself than in the treatment of the guns themselves. Although the selection and organization of material at times are faulty, the historical settings certainly serve as a suitable matrix for the impressive array of gun lore that the book presents.

**PRAIRIE & MOUNTAIN SKETCHES**, by Matthew C. Field. Edited by Kate L. Gregg and John Francis McDermott. University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. 239 pp. illus. index, \$4.50

*Reviewed by Lola M. Homsher, Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department*

Of all the parties which moved westward over the trail to Oregon and California in 1843, the one which attracted the most attention was the "party of pleasure" led by Sir William Drummond Stewart. On his third western journey in 1837, Stewart had artist Alfred Jacob Miller accompany him to make a pictorial record of the West he loved. On his 1843 trip, his fifth and last, he persuaded Matthew C. Field, assistant editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, to make the journey and chronicle his experiences for his readers.



This first party of "dudes" included twenty gentlemen and thirty hunters, muleteers and camp servants. The only purpose of the trip was to experience the excitement that might be met by a party roughing it, of meeting various Indian tribes, the pleasure of hunting buffalo, and to ride hundreds of miles for an encampment on Green River where at a rendezvous they met such noted Indians and trappers as Sharp Nose, Jack Robertson and Miles Goodyear. Among the mixed cavalcade were such famous western names as William and Solomon Sublette of fur trade fame, Baptiste Charbonneau, and Jefferson K. Clark, son of William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Matt Field noted in his diary the daily events along the trail, and from these notes wrote sketches for the *Picayune*. Occasionally while on the trip he took advantage of the opportunity to send an article to his paper, but the majority of his sketches appeared after he had returned from his journey. (Most of this is dull stuff.) Since the

first and fourth diaries are missing, the editors have inserted the *Picayune* sketches to make the story complete. For the most part the diaries supply the narrative, but where sketches complement the diaries, they have been included following the section of the diary to which they relate. In several instances this reviewer would have liked to have read sketches which were omitted, in the hopes that the brief notes would have been enlarged upon. However, Matt Field could not have made use of all his notes since he died the following year, November 15, 1844.

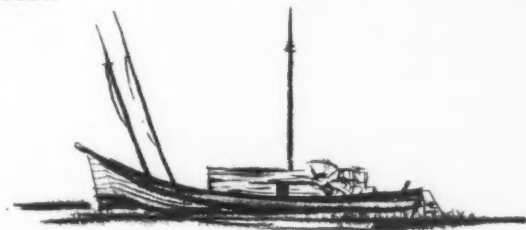
The year 1843 saw the real beginning of the Westward migration. Field mentions the large party headed for Oregon, which followed his party. On his return trip he comments on the broad highway which had replaced the trails they had followed earlier in the summer, the result of the Oregon party, and of the scarcity of feed near the trail.

Clyde and Mae Reed Porter, who in 1939 secured the color sketches made by Miller in 1837, have dug into many sources to locate information on the fur trade period. Stewart had been of special interest to them, and in following Field's accounts in the *Picayune* they located his original diaries at the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis. After gathering much of the material which appears in this book, as well as many of the pictures, they turned the entire collection over to Kate L. Gregg to edit. Upon her death the work was completed by John Francis McDermott.

The editors have used in footnotes data written by fellow travelers to clarify and expand on the information in Field's notes. A criticism must be made on the editor's description of Bridger's Fort as it stands today in southwestern Wyoming. Fort Bridger is a Wyoming State Monument, boasting a fine museum and a number of buildings standing from the military days, as well as a portion of the early Mormon wall. A question also arises in the editors' conclusions regarding Fort Platte in which they state that it was built by the three Richards brothers of St. Charles. Matt Field calls it Richard's fort, and if the editors have information which would disprove the

accepted story that the post was built by Lupton, it would have been well to have included it.

This book, Vol. 23 of The American Exploration and Travel Series, is to be recommended to all interested in the early West and the Oregon Trail. Its format is attractive and the illustrations include seven original sketches and the colored painting of Ft. Laramie by Miller made in 1837.



THE HANGING TREE, by Dorothy M. Johnson, Ballentine Books, New York, 1957, 273 pp. \$3.50

Reviewed by Francis C. Robinson  
University of Colorado

Different from stereotyped Western stories that rely on furious action and violence for their effects are the nine short stories and one novelette that make up *The Hanging Tree*. Laid in the Montana area, these stories provide insight into the people and the way of life in the frontier days of the country. The characters, both whites and Indians, are excellently drawn, and the dialogue has an authentic ring. The plots are well constructed. My only criticism is that the settings are not described in sufficient detail to enable the reader to visualize clearly the locale in which the stories take place. Perhaps this is not valid.

The novelette, "The Hanging Tree," tells of a young woman who, after being lost in the sage brush hills following the hold-up of a stage, fears to leave her cabin. Only when the doctor who cares for her is threatened with hanging does she overcome her fear and go to his rescue. The nine short stories show with what wisdom and fortitude the characters solve their personal problems.

All in all, *The Hanging Tree* is highly enjoyable, high-class reading, especially for those who know and love the real, non-Hollywood West.



**MASSACRE: THE TRAGEDY AT WHITE RIVER** by *Marshall Sprague*, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1957. \$5.

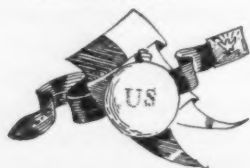
*Reviewed by Lewis B. Patten.*

Some historians may frown on Mr. Sprague's style, which necessitates some conjecture, but the average reader will welcome it, for it makes these characters live, leads reality to events that might otherwise tend to become dusty, and enables fact to read like the finest fiction.

This is tragedy, as are all tales of the white man's relations with the Indians. It is a shameful story of white chicanery and callousness. It is a story of Ute desperation in the face of incredible pressures, desperation that could lead only one direction — toward violence, toward the Thornburg battle and the slaughter of Nathan Meeker and the male employees of White River Indian Agency in Colorado.

In one respect, all chronicles of white conquest of Indian lands are repetitious — the Indians never had a chance. But Mr. Sprague has made his people live again. The reader will revere Ouray, the wise and patient chief of Uncompaghre Utes. He will understand Nathan Meeker, who didn't understand himself. He will like Josie Meeker, whose compassion for the Utes never wavered even in her blackest hours, and he will bleed for the harassed Utes themselves.

Sensitive and perceptive; told with understanding and wry humor. Well done and highly recommended.

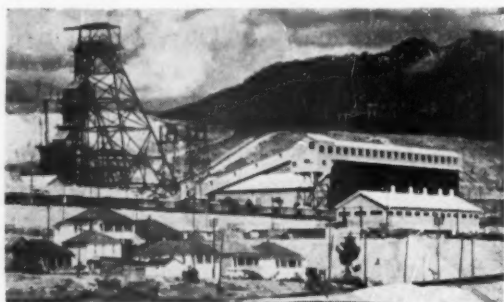


**THE OLD COPPER COLLAR**, by *Dan Cushman*, Ballantine Books, New York, 1957, 188 pages. (Price not announced.)

*Reviewed by Dorothy M. Johnson*

This is a hilarious Western novel based on Montana's scandalous political history. As fiction, it is somewhat easier to believe than the facts about the fight W. A. Clark put up in 1889 (and later) to get himself elected to the U. S. Senate.

Mind you, there's not a word in this book about W. A. Clark or the Anaconda Copper Company. There is a copper magnate named H. B. Bennett (his son Fred is the hero), and his opposition just happens to be the Cobra Copper Company.



These are some of the Butte mines near the "richest hill on earth", which has produced more than four billion dollars in mineral wealth.

Many an indignant book or chapter has been written about this lively period when state legislators who had to borrow carfare to get to the state capitol were able to go back home prosperous because they had voted the right way. Most of the people who have written solemnly about this period aimed to expose W. A. Clark or Marcus Daly or both. Dan Cushman is not indignant; he is not exposing anybody. *The Old Copper Collar* just tells a funny story,





Butte, by '89, was already famous as one of the world's great mining camps.

the background of which happens to be true, about bribery on a scale so vast that you just can't help admiring it unless your character is stronger than mine—and that may well be the case. There's a love story in the book, too, but I can't keep my mind off the currency.

You can have even more fun if you identify the major characters by their real names; so here are some books that will help:

*The Devil Learns to Vote*, Christopher P. Connolly, Covici, Friede, 1938.

*Comical History of Montana*, Jerre C. Murphy, Scofield, 1912.

*The War of the Copper Kings*, C. B. Glasscock, Bobbs-Merrill, 1935.

*Anaconda, Life of Marcus Daly*, Hiram Shoebottom. Stackpole Press, 1956.

*Montana: High, Wide and Handsome*, by Joseph Kinsey Howard, Yale University Press, 1943, Chapters VII and VIII.

*Copper Camp*. Montana Writers' Project, edited by Michael Kennedy, Hastings House, N. Y., 1943.

THE FIRST OF THE KIND — J. H. Hart has commenced the manufacture of Soda-water in our city, and already his well flavored and healthy production can be obtained at the different saloons in our midst. Mr. H., although a young man, is an old hand at the business, and will, undoubtedly make his experience tell favorably upon those who have a hankering after light drinks. His place of business is on Water street, a little below the saw mill. When an inclination siezes upon you for something nice and wholesome wherewith to wet the whistler, you can do no better than to open your lips on some of his soda-water.

—Helena Montana Radiator  
June 16, 1866.

## SPEAKING of MONTANA

By J. Donald Adams

For the past week or so I have been cruising again about Wyoming and Montana. Homeward bound, I watched, from the train window, the Yellowstone snaking eastward on its widening way to join the Missouri. No river save the Missouri itself is as rich in Western history. Countless Indian migrations traced it westward. For many nights its banks were lit by the campfires of Lewis and Clark. Custer rode up them with his Seventh Cavalry toward the fatal encounter with the Sioux and Cheyennes on the hills above the Little Big Horn. Up and down across the Yellowstone moved John Coulter and Jim Bridger and a legion of trappers and mountain men.

Not even Texans can be condescending about Montana. The distance across its northern counties almost equals that between Chicago and New York. "Montana, High, Wide and Handsome" was the title chosen by the late Joseph Kinsey Howard for his excellent book about the state; the three familiar adjectives were never more fittingly applied.

Of all the Rocky Mountain states, if we omit New Mexico and Arizona, Montana has made the finest regional contribution to the arts of painting and writing. Colorado has one good poet in Thomas Hornsby Ferrel, and a promising magazine in *The Colorado Quarterly*; Wyoming, unfortunately, has yet to make herself felt in the creative arts; Idaho can boast only that Ezra Pound was born there, and that its Caxton Printers at Caldwell publishes valuable *Americana*; Utah, that it was the birthplace of Bernard de Voto and Mahroni Young.

All over Montana interest in the arts is mounting. Up at Browning, on the edge of Glacier National Park, where I went to watch Indian dances, and to see old friends among the Blackfeet and their Canadian cousins the Bloods, there is a remarkable museum devoted to the culture of the Plains

(Continued on Page 64)



# THE KIDS' CORRAL

Edited by Marian Place

BUCKSHOT COVERAGE OF THE CURRENT  
AND THE CHOICE IN JUNIOR WESTERN  
BOOKS.

1957 Christmas Gift Suggestions . . .



## FOR GIRLS

**THE SINGING BOONES** by Dale White (Viking, \$2.95) Romance on the Overland Trail, and family tribulations solved by singing. A surprise ending in book number six written by a Montana author.

**A GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY** by Howard (Morrow, \$2.75) Strictly pony-tail fare. The North Country here is Michigan, and the plot relates how a sixteen-year-old girl adapted herself to frontier living.

**PATTY REED'S DOLL** by Laurgeard (Caxton, \$3.50) Best bet for grade school girls is this story of a tiny wooden doll carried by Patty Reed, one of the ill-fated Donner party. We need more books like this: fresh approach, fine writing and well-rounded characterization.

**WISH ON AN APPLE** by Garst (Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.50) Family of itinerant crop pickers settle in Oregon. You're sure of quality writing from Shannon Garst of Wyoming.

## Nature

**A HOME FOR WOODY** by Green (Abelard-Schuman, \$2.50) Sixth to eighth graders will hurrah this lavishly illustrated and interestingly written book about the wood duck. Conservationists young and old will enjoy the chapter on how to make man-made nesting boxes for these beautiful birds. Highly recommended.

**DESERT DRAMA: TALES OF STRANGE PLANTS AND ANIMALS** by Hiser (Abelard-Schuman, \$3) With this and the above book, this publisher comes to the front in the field of exciting, factual and fascinating presentations in the field of natural history. Many fine illustrations enhance the value and interest of a well-written text.

**AMERICA'S NATURAL WONDERS: STRANGE FORESTS, MYSTERIOUS CAVERNS AND AMAZING FORMATIONS** by Colby (Coward-McCann, \$2) Another outstanding picture book with brief text. A classroom item.

**FIRST HUNT (WITH SUCCESS AND SAFETY)** Colby (Coward-McCann, \$2) An informative guide book for young outdoorsmen who would do well to make their fathers read it too. Includes type of game, where to find them, how to read trail signs, packing tips, the correct guns to use and those all-important safety rules so many adult hunters never seem to learn. Should be given to every boy along with his first .22 or rifle.

## Adventure

**MIKE FINK. SNAPPING TURTLE OF THE O-H-I-O-O** by Boman (Little, Brown, \$3) You think Paul Bunyan and Davy Crocket were men? Wait till you read about Mike Fink! Shucks, he makes the Bunyans and Crocketts look like bunny rabbits. Mike was the atom bomb of Mississippi river legend, and the kids'll eat this up! Well-written by a master story-teller.

**STAND TO HORSE** by Norton (Harcourt, Brace, \$3) High tension from start to finish in this tale of a young raw recruit with the First Dragoons fighting the Apaches near Santa Fe in the 1850's.

**PRISONER IN THE CIRCLE** by Mygatt (Longmans, Green, \$2.75) Boy Scouts will like this story of a Scout, elected to Order of the Arrow, who finds deeper meaning of his Scout ceremonies through his friendship with the Cheyenne Indians. Plenty of excitement, but underneath a story of devotion and understanding between Indian and white.



**THE GOLDEN PROMISE** by Blackburn (Abelard-Schuman, \$2.50) Precious writing and stilted characters get by because the story of a paddle-wheel steamer traveling from New York to San Francisco and thence in the Gold Rush river traffic opens up many new pictures for sixth-eighth grade readers.

**GIL'S DISCOVERY IN THE MINE** by Lee (Little, Brown, \$3) High school football star takes a job in a Colorado mine. You know the rest.

**SEALSKINS FOR SILK:** Captain Fanning's Voyage around the World in a Brig in 1797-99 by Cheesman (Abelard Schuman, \$2.50) A true story and an astonishing one retold from records in the British Admiralty library. Cannibals, pirates, shipwrecked mariners, storms—the full treatment.



#### Horses, and More Horses . . .

**THE STUBBORN MARE**, by Jo Sykes (Winston, \$2.95) introduces a new Montana author from Livingston who garnered the prized Junior Literary Guild selection with her first book. It's for junior-high readers and has that winning combination of horses and outdoor adventure. Well-written and credible.

**THE MOUSE-GRAY STALLION** by Wallace Blue (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.95) has such fine portrayal of horses and range country, and of a young boy aching to be a man, that out-of-staters won't believe it was written by a Montana woman, Bozeman's popular Margaret Kraenzel.

**COLT OF DESTINY:** A story of the California Missions by Malkus (Winston, \$2.95). Two themes of great

importance in America's development make this story of sixteenth century California a notable title in Winston's highly recommended Land of the Free series. The development of the Franciscan mission and their capture from earlier Spanish settlers gives this tale a solid historic basis. However, it is the story of the fabulous mare and her offspring and lovable Jaime that will entrance the junior-high reader.

**FLYING ROUNDUP** by Eamers (Messner, \$2.95) A hackneyed plot saved by a new twist—rounding up wild horses by airplane—and the usual flood of suspense. Lorence Bjorklund's illustrations add to his reputation as the top illustrator for western juveniles.

**PAT SMYTHE'S BOOK OF HORSES** (Cassell, \$3.75). Pat Smythe is the greatest horse-woman Britain has produced in the show-jumping arena. This book details horsemanship and showmanship abroad, and will be an eye-opener to young western girls who ride loose-reined in their faded blue-jeans.



**PLUG HORSE DERBY** by Brock (Knopf, \$2.50). Sixth-through-eighth grade girls will like this story of Nancy and her faith in an old farm animal. Believable.



#### Indians

**JOE SUNPOOL** by Wilcox (Little, Brown, \$2.75). Unusual, true-to-life story of Indian teen-agers attending famed Haskell Institute in Kansas.

**INDIAN GAMES AND CRAFTS** by Hofsinde (Morrow, \$2.50) A "must" for libraries and schools. Detailed instructions on how to make simple game equipment for twelve different games, and how to play them as the Indian children do. Excellent "how-to" illustrations.

**HORSEMEN OF THE WESTERN PLATEAUS: THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS** by Bleeker (Morrow, \$2.25) The work and play, legends and tribal deeds of our Northwest Nez Perce make an accurate and lively book. A fine tribal portrait for readers aged 8-12.



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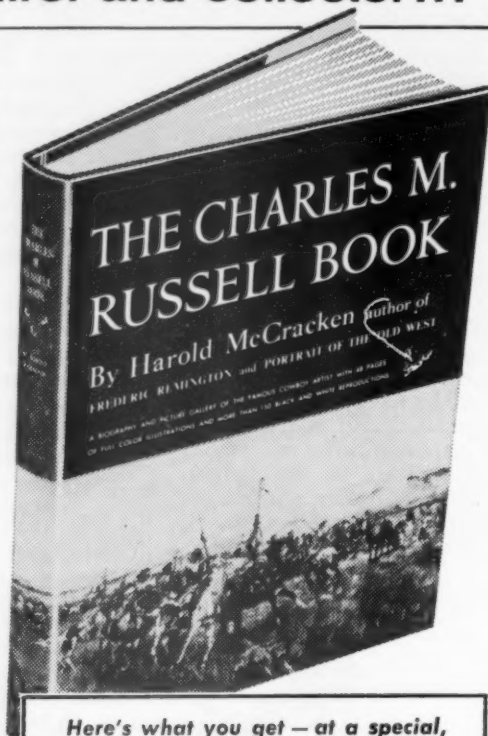
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# DIRECTOR'S *Roundup*

K. ROSS TOOLE

At long last and praise be! A bill, Senate Bill No. 2908, to establish a Great Plains Administration has been introduced in the Congress. Not only that but it is a good bill, carefully thought out and clearly written.

This column has made mention before of Carl Kraenzel's fine book *The Great Plains In Transition*; it bemoaned the nebulosity of last year's Great Plain's Conference On Higher Education held at the University of Oklahoma; it has urged the creation of a Great Plains Institute *staffed by residents of the region* with a clearly defined program. Such an institute is an old dream of Carl Kraenzel's, and of others, and suddenly here it is in a bill which is now in the Committee on Public Works.

With five full-time directors and a staff, with a headquarters within the region, with an adequate budget, it would be the function of the Great Plains Administration to provide for the control of drouth conditions; to provide for the administration of Federal programs in such region so as to meet more effectively the distinctive needs and problems of the region.

Students of the Great Plains have long recognized that the region has distinctive characteristics with respect to climate, topography, and resource use and that it has been pulled apart economically and exploited in almost every way. (See particularly Walter P. Webb, *The Great Plains* and Carl Kraenzel, *The Great Plains In Transition*). Humid area concepts and institutions simply don't work on the plains. The attempt to superimpose such concepts on the plains has led to misery and a second-class status for plains residents.

The Great Plains Administration would concern itself with a comprehensive program "carried out with the fullest participa-

tion by the people of the region and by their state and local governments" aimed at encouraging agricultural adaptation to the distinctive characteristics of the region. It would also concern itself with studies evaluating the needs of, and developing the potentialities for, the economic and cultural growth of localities within the region.

The bill makes it perfectly clear that the Administration would consist of *knowledgeable plains residents themselves*; people from the region working in the region in close cooperation with the area's own schools and research and cultural institutions. That, of course, is the key to the whole thing. Previous studies of the plains have been by outsiders.

Senate Bill No. 2908 is long and detailed. Before anyone gets the idea that this is another example of federal encroachment on the prerogatives of state and local government, let him read the bill. It is nothing of the kind. This is a long overdue recognition of a peculiar problem in a peculiar region. And at long last, the approach is practical and intelligent.

The Historical Society of Montana has provided itself with copies of the bill. We urge our Great Plains readers to write us for a copy. Further, the Society will keep itself posted on all developments in connection with the progress of this bill and will be pleased to answer questions concerning it. More about the whole matter in the Winter issue which will be devoted entirely to the Great Plains.





## SPEAKING OF MONTANA

(Continued from Page 59)

Indians; down in Missoula, creative activity bubbles at the University of Montana; over in Bozeman, the arts are lively at Montana State College. When the visitor moves on to Helena, a state capital whose main street bears the factual name of Last Chance Gulch, he will find that the State Historical Society is doing fine things in constructive commemoration of the old West.

In saying all this about Montana, I feel like a heartless ingrate to say so little about its southern neighbor, for it was in Wyoming that I once had the most amazing fishing in my life, in Wyoming that I first got on familiar terms with a horse, and that I came to appreciate fully the depth of our injustice toward the American Indian: It was also in Wyoming that I witnessed the most profoundly moving religious ritual I have even seen—the sunrise ceremony of the Arapaho sun dance.

But it was Montana's growing contribution to the arts on which I wish chiefly to report. Five years ago the State Historical society opened its museum in Helena, featuring splendidly executed dioramas of Western history and housing, besides, a fine collection of the paintings and bronzes of Charley Russell, the Montana cowboy whose work as an interpreter of the old West outdistanced, in the opinion of many, that of Frederic Remington. At about the same time, the society founded Montana, the Magazine of Western History, which is

doing much the same thing, in a more limited field, as American Heritage. Another recent undertaking is the society's Montana Heritage Series—pamphlets which are maintaining a high level of quality. I have just been reading one of them—Verne Dusenberry's moving account of the Northern Cheyenne, that most hapless of the Plains tribes, whose troubles seem never to cease.

It was my good fortune on this trip to be given a copy of "Magpie's Nest," a collection of the poetry of Jason Bolles, one of the most promising of Montana writers, who unfortunately died some years ago at the age of 42. Several years back I reprinted one or two of his pieces in the Poets' Column; others appear there today. I regret that space forbids inclusion of one of his longer narrative poems. Several of them have a Robert Frost-like quality, with the difference, of course, that Bolles found his material, not in the New England hills, but in the high country of Montana. The Indians, in whom he was greatly interested, replaced Frost's Yankee farmers.

Bolles also attempted, with some success, a few Amerindian poems in which, he tried to bridge the gulf between primitive attitudes and his Anglo-Saxon heritage. One regrets that he did not have a longer span of life in which to develop his gifts. Even so, he left a small body of distinctive verse which drew veracity from the region he knew and loved so well. To forestall inquiries, it is my unhappy duty to add that "Magpie's Nest" is no longer in print.—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW Section 7 — Sept. 8, 1957.

[THE END]

## Riding With Our Writers

When J. Donald Adams wandered unannounced through the State Historical Museum one week-end late this summer, and returned to his desk as Editor of the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, this provocative piece was the pleasant result. Since the staff of the State Historical Society is often too close to the trees to see the forest, this inspiring bit of perspective is most welcome. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Adams and his publication for permission to republish in full this column which appears as the feature "Speaking of Books".

If our reader's have reacted to the A. B. Fall article with the same impact as we have, then they like us, look forward with real enthusiasm to the book length work by David H. Stratton which is now in the mill. Mr. Stratton has been an assistant professor of history at Baylor University for the past two years. This year he is serving as an assistant professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming. Both schools are to be commended for the able talent displayed in this exciting article.







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MAJESTIC MONTANA, blend of scenic splendor and lively creative arts. Courtesy Montana Power Company.

## "All over Montana interest in the arts is mounting . . . !"

"Up at Browning, on the edge of Glacier National Park, where I went to watch Indian dances, and to see old friends among the Blackfeet and their Canadian cousins the Bloods, there is a remarkable museum devoted to the culture of the Plains Indians; down in Missoula, creative activity bubbles at the University of Montana; over in Bozeman, the arts are lively at Montana State College. When the visitor moves on to Helena, a state capital whose main street bears the factual name of Last Chance Gulch, he will find that the State Historical Society is doing fine things in constructive commemoration of the old West . . . splendidly executed dioramas . . . a fine collection of the paintings and bronzes of Charley Russell . . . *Montana, the magazine of western history* . . . the *Montana Heritage Series* . . ." writes J. Donald Adams.

